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The PRESIDENT and his PATRONAGE

By Grover Cleveland

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THE PRESIDENT AND HIS PATRONAGE

By Former President Grover Cleveland

GROVER CLEVELAND

THE dispensation of Presidential patronage, or, in other words, the filling of offices by the President, is a topic which, in some of its aspects, is quite familiar to our people; and it is generally understood that this is the parent of many of the troubles and perplexities which await every newly-elected President. Some of our citizens, more fully informed than others, deprecate this condition and lament the growing evils which seem to have firmly attached themselves to the discharge of this branch of executive duty. No one, however, who has not actually had some experience among the tribulations and distress which office-filling and its inseparable companion, office-seeking, create, can adequately appreciate all the troublesome consequences which are traceable directly or indirectly to these sources.

It is utterly impossible that any man, chosen from the mass of American citizenship to perform for a time the duties of our Chief Magistracy, should fail to be solemnly impressed with the tremendous responsibility he is to meet in his new position; or that he should not acutely realize the assiduous study and effort which the solution of the great problems confronting him will demand. Thus, under the influence of the most sober reflections, he willingly dedicates himself to patriotic public service, and resolves that he will not spare himself, by day or by night, in his efforts to meet the needs and expectations of his countrymen who have trusted him. He, of course, cannot be ignorant of the fact that much office-filling will fall in his way; but he has no conception of the demands that this will make upon his time, nor of its nerve-wasting exactions. After his induction to office and during the days that immediately follow his inauguration, he meets, with positive gratification, the crowds that seek his presence in demonstration of their good-natured personal interest and respect; but even then, and in the midst of it all, he is anticipating the days in the near future when his time and attention can be devoted to important public affairs.

How Place-Hunters Pester the President

If this anticipation were justified the great office of President, though full of anxiety and responsibility, would mainly present labor and emergencies, not only entirely within the range of expectation, but which would yield to conscientious care and intelligent, patriotic endeavor.

In point of fact, however, the coveted opportunity for important executive work does not come to the President with the passing of the throng of inauguration visitors. On the contrary, it is only then that the attacks of an army of office-seekers, left behind, and constantly augmented by new arrivals, begin in earnest. Hour after hour on each succeeding day for weeks and months the President is obliged to listen to their importunities and to the claims of rivals for the same place—all supported and advocated by Senators and Representatives with such apparent earnestness and zeal as might indicate that the most important governmental interests, if not the actual safety of our body politic, depended on the outcome. This contingent of office-seekers and their friends move upon the President in relays; and one section is no sooner heard and disposed of than reinforcements in reserve at once occupy the field. The same story is told again and again, until its monotonous iteration actually sickens the faculties and weakens almost to exhaustion the mental energy of the beset and helpless victim. Perhaps, nominally, one-half of the day remains to him for other work—but only nominally, since even this remnant of his time is not always free from office-seeking interruption. And yet, in this situation and with these surroundings, the tired, jaded President is expected to deal safely and satisfactorily with the delicate and important public questions that constantly press upon his attention. I believe the statement can be safely made that the wearing, tearing vexations and the nagging perplexities of our Chief Magistrate, and often his failure to accomplish useful ends, are more justly chargeable to office-filling, and its troublesome accompaniment, office-seeking, than to any other single cause; nor have I the least difficulty in believing that the bewildering and exhausting conditions which these things produce have directly caused the death of at least one newly-elected President.

The Routine of Making Appointments

In considering the consequences of these office-seeking visitations and importunities, as they affect the President, a feeling of exasperation is almost aroused when we realize how nearly useless they are to the accomplishment of their intended purposes. It is positively impossible for the most patient and complaisant President to retain in his memory for future use more than a very small amount of the fervid and oft-repeated representations which, in the confusion of a combined attack, are poured into his ears by office-seekers and their advocates. Besides, he soon learns, if he does not know it from the first, that whatever is said to him will be said again to the several heads of departments under whom the applicants for office hope to serve. He therefore sees but slight necessity for an attempt to remember the details of applications, in view of the fact that when the time for action on his part arrives he will be furnished from these departments with statements in systematic and classified form, of all pertinent information which is forthcoming concerning the applicant—supplemented by the judgment and advice of trusted Cabinet officers who, with better opportunities of investigation, are especially and directly interested in securing the best possible incumbents for service in their respective departments. I have often said all this to those urging the claims of applicants, and have even confessed that I could not attempt to remember their representations—but all to no purpose. There seems to be a sort of fascination about a direct appeal to the President that defies treatment and resists cure.

From what has been said the inference is easily drawn that the perplexities and embarrassments which office-filling and office-seeking invite are by no means confined to the President alone. Each member of a newly-selected Cabinet, at the outset of his incumbency, spends the greater part of every day in hearing applications for places, and is obliged to listen to the persistent recommendations of Senators and Representatives in support of their various candidates. While these applications to Cabinet officers relate only to places connected with their respective departments, instead of the entire field of Presidential patronage, yet the daily routine of their departmental work, always awaiting their attention and permitting no postponement, makes their predicament but little more comfortable than that of the President himself. I once received from a very able and useful Cabinet officer a distinct intimation that he must retire unless he could be relieved from these interruptions to the performance of his important public duties.

In the circumstances which have been detailed it is not surprising that a President mentally and physically tired should willingly meet at night a Cabinet officer in like condition, to settle upon appointments and determine contests between rival candidates—thus flying from the ills of continued importunity to the more easily endured curses of disappointed applicants and their advocates.

Another unfortunate incident growing out of Presidential patronage and the advocacy of the claims of applicants for office is a tendency toward a dislocation of the relations which under our scheme of government should exist between its Executive and its Legislative branches. Of course, this tendency does not naturally or inevitably grow out of the constitutional duty of filling offices by the President. It is rather the associate of a growing habit among Senators and Representatives which inclines them to attempt a larger participation in the filling of offices than is afforded by the submission of the President's nominees to the Senate for its approval, or by helpful information on the part of both Senators and Representatives in aid of their selection.

No one need be told that, in filling offices whose incumbents require confirmation, the Constitution plainly enjoins that the President shall nominate to the Senate the persons selected by him as fit incumbents of such offices; and that thereupon the Senate may confirm or reject the nominations thus submitted. It was intended that the nominating officer and the confirming body should, in performing their functions, act entirely independent of each other; and when a rule gradually gained sanction in the Senate, under which that body determined to intervene against the appointment, to the home post-office of any of its members, of an incumbent personally inimical to him, this so-called rule of Senatorial courtesy was conceded to be an innovation, and was only justified on the ground that no member of the Senate should be subjected to the manipulation of his home mail by a personal enemy.

High-Handed "Senatorial Courtesy"

In these days Senators not only demand the protection of this rule but are aggrieved if not permitted actually to select an incumbent from the applicants. Though neither the rule as originally in vogue, nor its extension, furnishes any very practical cause of complaint, they indicate the beginning of a departure from strict methods, and illustrate the ease with which the area of such a departure, once entered upon, is enlarged. They are, however, quite insignificant when compared with the decided inclination of the Senate to insist upon a much broader demand of Senatorial courtesy, which leads the confirming body to interpose a check to the President's selections for all important offices located within a State in cases where its Senators, belonging to the same political faith as the President, have not been consulted and their approval first obtained. Many rejections of Presidential nominations by the Senate have had no better justification. Nor is this the limit reached by the growth and indulgence of bad Senatorial habits. Nominations for Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, who can in no sense be regarded as Federal officers within a State, have failed of confirmation through the efforts of a Senator from the State of their

residence, whose objections to the nominees, and his lack of coöperation with the President in their selection, seem to have been regarded as sufficient causes for their defeat.

Further indications of the growth of such bad habits, both in the Senate and House of Representatives, in connection with Presidential patronage, are not lacking. It now constitutes a grievance apt to be resented in the Senate, if members of the House of Representatives as well as Senators in party affiliation with the President are not permitted to select from the applicants their home postmasters. Indeed, it is not a rare occurrence for Senators and Representatives from a particular State to meet in consultation and arrange a list of those who they may determine should fill all the important Federal offices within their State, on the principle of give and take, and as the interests of the different parties in consultation may appear; and when this list is submitted to the President for his ratification it is done with a rather distinct intimation that personal and political interests have been so nicely adjusted in its construction that any demur or interference with its arrangement by the nominating officer would be most unfortunate. I have known both Senators from a great State, belonging with the President to the same political party, to terminate all intercourse and communication with him because he ventured to make one or two nominations to office within their State in opposition to their wishes; and the resignation of the two Senators from New York on account of their failure to coerce the President on a question of patronage is still well remembered. But why multiply evidence of the manner in which bad habits in our public life grow and extend? There are so many modern instances notorious and fresh in the public mind where quarrels originating in Presidential office-filling have broken out between the President and members of his party in the legislative branch of the Government, that additional specification is unnecessary.

It is very strange that in the face of these conditions—and because of them—the charge is often flippantly made against the President that the loss of party harmony and the damage to party prospects that frequently follow in the train of such conditions, are sins of which he should bear the guilt; and it is perhaps equally strange that such an accusation should quite generally pass current among our people without investigation or challenge. It is not beyond belief that a President, rather than live a life of turmoil, or put in jeopardy party unity and party prospects, might be reconciled to yield something of his prerogatives and in a measure, at least, surrender to others his judgment in the matter of office-filling; but when, at the cost of his ease and comfort, and in defiance of party clamor, he feels called upon to resist unwarrantable attempts to interfere with duties and responsibilities for whose faithful discharge he is fully committed to his fellow-citizens, his motives should not be thoughtlessly impugned nor his conduct lack defenders against unjust and mischievous accusation.

Though the troubles referred to as attending office-filling are especially afflictive at the beginning of a new incumbency, it cannot be said that they are entirely confined to that period. They are certainly greater in volume and more virulent at that time than at any other; but so long as vacancies in office must occasionally occur, no Administration will at any stage be absolutely exempt from office-seeking visitation.

It must not be supposed for a moment that, in an attempt to inaugurate better conditions, the President should hold himself aloof from all consultation with Senators and Representatives in Congress concerning his selection of nominees to office: such a course might deprive him of the opportunity to obtain valuable information from those well qualified to speak of the character and ability of applicants for office who are within their acquaintance. Nor should their declared preferences, or their frank and sincere advocacy in behalf of certain applicants be always ignored or regarded with suspicion. Neither should party consideration and the political standing of candidates or their rendition of decent party service be entirely cast aside. None of these things are inherently and necessarily agencies of Presidential distress, or menaces to efficient and cleanly public service. It is only when recommendations are based wholly upon personal grounds, or upon questionable partisan considerations, without regard to governmental interests, or when solicitation becomes a demand, or when advocacy becomes a threat, that troubles accumulate and dangers appear. That the existence of these conditions involves consequences infinitely more important than Presidential tranquillity or party harmony will be apparent to all who realize how often and how largely the adoption of executive recommendations of vital interest to our people depends not only on the perfunctory acquiescence but on the hearty and good-humored support and promotion of the President's party associates in the legislative branch of the Government.

It is not an unusual thing for the shortcomings and evils that afflict the world to be laid at the door of our poor, selfish, unregenerate human nature. This would be an amiable and easy way of locating the accountability for the vexations attending office-filling and office-seeking—especially if the accentuation of ordinary human nature by the stress and supposed necessities of political life is taken into account. At any rate, the aid and support furnished in a Senatorial or Congressional contest are not apt to be forgotten by their beneficiaries when recommendations for office are made to the President, nor are the exigencies of future contests overlooked; and it may not be amiss here to suggest that, since the blame of a bad appointment is, in popular estimation, imputed to the President alone, the escape from responsibility thus furnished those who recommend and promote such appointments, greatly increases the temptation to put their personal and political advantage far in advance of the interests of the public service.

However we may view the subject, the President's lot in the disposal of patronage is not a happy one. It might be immensely improved by the cultivation of consideration and disinterested patriotism on the part of those whom he would be glad to trust in consultation; but if the political atmosphere is hopelessly adverse to such cultivation, and if bad habits already contracted in legislative circles are incorrigible, a measure of relief would be found in the reduction by every possible means of the number of officials within the President's appointment. Thus about seventy-seven thousand postmasterships are now included in the patronage of the President, and of their incumbents not less than four thousand and five hundred are nominated by the President to the Senate for confirmation. If a plan were adopted by which the selection of postmasters could be remitted to the communities in which they are to serve, the principle of home rule would be recognized, and the perplexities and positive evils now attending office-filling by the President would be greatly mitigated.

In the mean time it would be a matter of much surprise if our Presidents were not, in self-defense as well as in furtherance of good administration and the public welfare, strong advocates of the most liberal extension of the principles and efficacy of genuine Civil Service Reform.

A Call at 70 Fifth Avenue

Where Marion Crawford Works

F. MARION CRAWFORD has at last achieved the ambition of his life.

"If," he once said, "I could only write a play I should be perfectly happy. It has always been my dream. But I have never been able to do it. I have tried over and over again, but it has been in vain. It seemed easy enough when I tackled it, but somehow my conversation didn't talk. So I have finally given it up."

This was two years ago and he was discussing the dramatization by another hand of his novel, In the Palace of the King. The play had just been put on and had proved a big success. The other day the cable brought the brief announcement that Francesca da Rimini, by F. Marion Crawford, had been produced in Paris, and had met with the most enthusiastic approval. The story of how this play came to be is romantic. Some years ago Mr. Crawford began what he meant to be the most serious undertaking of his life. Under the title of The Harvest of the Sword he was going to tell the story of the sixty most famous characters of history. Each character was to make a complete book.

Mr. Crawford went at the task with his usual enthusiasm. But for the first time in his life he tired of a task, or rather he realized, after he had gotten well into it, that what he had undertaken to do in a couple of years would take seven or eight. He therefore stopped short, cabled his publisher that the arrangement was off, requested the return of the manuscript already in hand, and paid a substantial forfeit. It happened when he broke off the work that he was engaged on the story of Francesca da Rimini as an incidental character in The Harvest of the Sword. The intense dramatic situations had held his imagination firmly, and he made up his mind when the other plan went by the board that he would use the Francesca material to write a play. He plunged headlong into the work, and carried the manuscript with him when he sailed last year for Europe. Bernhardt had often asked him to write a play for her, but he had always declined. He concluded that he would read to her this last effort. They met at the Carlton in London, and Bernhardt went into ecstasies. The play, of course, had been written in English which Bernhardt understands perfectly. It was turned over to Morris Schwab, her translator, and that gentleman turned it into French without, however, altering a single scene or situation. So Mr. Crawford finally achieved the thing he had almost put out of his mind.

The impression with most people is that, while Mr. Crawford writes in English and is of American parentage, he is to all intents and purposes a foreigner, who does all his work abroad, and rarely or never visits this country. As a matter of fact, most of his serious work is done in New York City, where he maintains a regular residence. Mr. Crawford is more striking than any even of his most fascinating characters, and his New York living-place is worthy of his unique individuality. It is at No. 70 Fifth Avenue, at the southwest corner of Thirteenth Street. With the exception of that portion taken by the novelist, the building is occupied entirely for business purposes, being let in lofts or floors. Mr. Crawford took a long lease of the rear part of the fourth floor, and remodeled it to suit his tastes.

Mr. Crawford's New York Workroom

He has a passion for large rooms, born of his life in the great Italian palaces, and in this respect he has indulged himself in his New York apartments at a rate that would make the average American stare. The main room is about sixty feet long by thirty-five feet wide, larger than many meeting-halls. It is an absolute impossibility to conduct ordinary conversation across this room. Its vastness is still further emphasized by the plainness and scantness of the furniture. To be sure, there is enough in the place to fill an ordinary flat to overflowing, but in this huge room it is almost lost. The most striking object in the place is a monster divan, nine feet long and five or six feet in width. This is the novelist's bed. It is a peculiarity of the Crawford family that they never sleep in made-up beds, like other people. They never want to feel that they are really retiring for the night. They simply "lie down for a few moments' rest," and then when they wake up again it's the next morning. This trait is particularly strongly developed in Mr. Crawford, and in his Italian home at Sorrento he has divans, like the one in the New York establishment, scattered all over the house. Another peculiarity is that he never reads by the ordinary lights. His valet secures one of those great altar candles used by the Roman Catholic churches, the biggest to be had. This candle is cut into short lengths, one of which is placed at the head of the bed. It gives a beautiful soft, yellow light which the novelist declares is better for reading than anything else in the world.

Mr. Crawford always comes to America late in September or early in October, and settles down in his Fifth Avenue quarters until the latter part of January or early February. For six days in the week he works in the big room of which I have spoken at a large desk that stands near one of the several windows that face Thirteenth Street. On Sunday he never touches a pen; but from Monday morning until Saturday night he gets at his desk before eight o'clock in the morning and works until noon. Up to this time he has eaten little or nothing—a cup of coffee and a roll, or perhaps a soft-boiled egg. At noon he goes to a near-by French restaurant for his *déjeuner*. It is the real *déjeuner*, not a luncheon, and constitutes his main meal.

It is doubtful whether there is any other living person who can produce quite so much first-class "copy" as Mr. Crawford. It is an ordinary thing for him to write five thousand words in a day, and he really "writes" it. He tried dictating several times, but somehow could never make any headway. His "copy" is a work of art, but very unpopular with the printing fraternity. He writes a beautiful, clean, copperplate hand, and when he starts out his letters are of very good size and as legible as typewriting. But as he proceeds the letters grow smaller and smaller, until finally they are not much larger than a pin head. Some conception of the minuteness of his writing may be had when it is stated that his copy will generally run 1750 words to a page.

Mr. Crawford generally writes a complete novel of one hundred and fifty thousand words or more during his New York stay. At his Italian home in Sorrento Mr. Crawford does comparatively little work. There he devotes most of his time to his four children, two boys and two girls, none of whom has ever been to America. Mrs. Crawford, who belongs to an old American family, comes across with her husband once every two or three years, but rarely makes a long stay. For working purposes in Italy Mr. Crawford some time ago leased an ancient watch-tower on the Calabrian coast. It is two days' sail from Sorrento, but entirely out of the track of travel. The only thing there is to it is a dungeon with a keep above. It stands on a rocky little islet, facing a tiny rock-bound harbor. The novelist has fitted up the keep in a scanty fashion, and here he settles down for weeks at a time, writing steadily, his chair facing the broad, blue Mediterranean. During his residence here he is compelled to live on fish and eggs, which his sailors secure on the main coast. The sailors are present because Mr. Crawford always makes the trip on his own yacht, a staunch schooner, sixty feet long, built in America. Mr. Crawford sailed this schooner across the Atlantic. He is a master mariner, holding a Captain's license, and always when afloat serves as one of the regular crew, taking his turn at the watches.

A JUDGMENT OF PARIS

By Paul Laurence Dunbar

"MAY YOU HAVE NUFFIN' BUT DE FACES OF FRIEN'S IN IT FU' DE REASON DAT YOU HAS NO INIMIES"

IT IS a very difficult thing at any time and in any place to be the acknowledged arbiter of social affairs. But to hold this position in "Little Africa" demanded the maximum of independence, discretion and bravery. I say bravery, because the civilization of "Little Africa" had not arrived at that edifying point where it took disapproval gracefully and veiled its feelings. It was crude and primitive, and apt to resent adverse comment by an appeal to force, not of the persuasive but of the vindictive kind.

It had fallen to the lot of Mr. Samuel Hatfield to occupy this delicate position of social judge, and though certain advantages and privileges accrued to him his place was in nowise a sinecure. There were times when his opinions on matters of great moment had been openly scoffed at, and once it had even happened, when a decision of his had been displeasing, that fleetness of foot alone had saved him from the violence of partisans. Little did it matter to the denizens of "Little Africa" that others might be put upon committees to serve with Mr. Hatfield in judging the merits of waltzers or of the qualities of rival quartets. He was the one who invariably brought in the report and awarded the prize, and on him fell the burden of approval or disapproval.

For some months he had gone on gloriously unannoyed, with no one to judge and nothing to pass upon. In the absence of these duties, Cupid had stepped in and with one shaft laid him prone at the feet of Miss Matilda Jenkins. Of course, Mr. Hatfield did cast occasional glances at the charms of Miss Amarilla Jones, but Cupid, grown wise with the wisdom of the world, has somehow learned to tip his arrows with gold, and the wound of these is always fatal.

Now, the charms of these two maidens were equal, their brown beauty about the same, but Matilda Jenkins' father was a magnate in "Little Africa," and so——.

On a night in autumn the devil appeared to certain members of the trustees' board of Mt. Moriah Church, and said unto them: "You need money wherewith to run this church," and they answered and said: "Yes, good devil, we do."

The devil spoke again and said: "Give a calico festival, and a prize to the woman wearing the prettiest calico dress." And, much elated, they replied: "Yea, verily."

Thereupon the devil, his work being done, vanished with a crafty smile, leaving them to their deliberations.

Brother Jenkins and Brother Jones were both members of the "Boa'd," and when the contest was decided upon they looked across at each other with defiance shining in their eyes, because there was a strong rivalry between the two families. But there animosity apparently ended. Brother Jenkins dropped his eyes, for he was a little old man, and Brother Jones was "husky," which is the word that in their community indicated rude strength. The fight, however, for fight it was going to be, was on.

Within the next few days the shopkeepers of the town sold bolt upon bolt of calico. The buying of this particular line of goods was so persistent that one shopkeeper, who was a strong-tongued, rude man, laid it at the door of certain advocates of industrial education and began to denounce any doctrines which repressed in the negro his love of clothes far above his pocket, and thereby lowered profits.

As soon as Mr. Hatfield learned what was going on he became alarmed, for he saw more clearly than most people and he knew that it was all the invention of the devil. His good angel prompted him to flee from the town at once, but he lingered to think about it, and while he lingered the committee came upon him. They wanted him to be chairman of the awarding committee. He stammered and made excuses.

"You see, gent'mens, hit's des disaway. I 'low I got to go out o' town fu' my boss des 'bout de time dat dis hyeah's comin' off, an' I wouldn' lak to p'omise an' den disap'int you."

"Dat's all right, dat's all right," said brother Jones, the spokesman; "I knows yo' boss, an' he teks a mighty intrus' in Mt. Moriah. I'll see him an' see ef he can't let you go befo' er after de en'tainment."

The sweat broke out on Mr. Hatfield's brow in painful beads.

"Oh, nevah min', nevah min'," he exclaimed hastily; "dis hyeah's private bus'ness, an' I wouldn' lak him to know dat I done spoke 'bout it."

"But we got to have you, Mr. Hatfield. You sholy mus' speak to yo' boss. Ef you don't, I'll have to."

"I speak to him, den, I speak to him. I see what he say."

"Den I reckon we kin count on yo' suhvices?"

"I reckon you kin," said the victim.

As the committee went its way, Hatfield was sure that he heard a diabolical chuckle and smelt sulphur.

The days that had dragged flew by and the poor social arbiter looked upon the nearing festivity as upon the approach of doom. With the clear perception of a man who knows his world, Mr. Hatfield already saw that all women in the contest besides Matilda Jenkins and Amarilla Jones were but figureheads, accessories only to the real fight between the rival belles. So, as an earnest of his intention to be impartial, he ceased for the time his attentions to Matilda Jenkins. This lady, though, was also wise in her day and generation. She offered no protest at the apparent defection of her lover. Indeed, when her father squeaked his disapproval of Hatfield's action, she was quick to come to his defense.

"I reckon Mr. Hatfield knows what he's about," she said loyally. "You know how de people talks erroun' hyeah. Den, ef he go an' gi' me de prize, dey des boun' to say dat it ain't 'cause I winned it, but 'cause he keepin' comp'ny wid me, an' ain't go'n' to shame his own lady."

"Uh, huh," said the old man; "dat hadn't crost my min' befo'."

In the mean time a similar council was taking place between Miss Amarilla Jones and her father.

"I been noticin'," said the paternal Jones one day, "dat Sam Hatfield don't seem to be a-gwine wid Matildy Jenkins so much."

Amarilla modestly ducked—yes, that's the word—she ducked her head, but she smiled as she replied: "Mistah Hatfiel' been cas'in' sheep's-eyes at me fu' a long while now."

"Well, what good do dat do, less'n he up an' say some'p'n?"

"Nevah you min', pap; I 'lows I un'erstan' young men bettah den you do. Ef he don't mean nuffin', how come he done give up Matildy Jenkins des at dis junction?"

"Hit's all mighty quare to me."

"Don' you see he got to jedge de contes', an' he cain't go ag'in his own lady, so he gin huh up? Now, ef he gi' me de prize, he feel puffectly free to ax me to ma'y him."

"Whew-ee!" whistled the elder, entirely overcome with admiration at his daughter's sagacity; "you sholy has got a quick head on dem shoulders o' yo'n!"

At the time appointed the members and friends of Mt. Moriah assembled for the calico social. The church was crowded with a curiously-gowned throng of all conditions and colors who tittered and chatted with repressed excitement. There was every conceivable kind of dress there among the contestants, from belted Mother Hubbards to their aristocratic foster-sisters, Empire gowns. There was calico in every design, from polka-dot to Dolly Vardens—and there was—anxiety.

Promptly at ten o'clock the judges, three pompous individuals with white ribbons in their buttonholes, strode in and took their seats just beneath the pulpit. Then there was a short address by the pastor, who, being a wily man and unwilling to put his salary in jeopardy, assured his hearers that if he were one of the judges he would "jest throw up his job an' give a prize to every lady in the room." This brought forth a great laugh and somewhat relieved the nervous tension, but it did not make the real judges feel any better over their difficult task. Indeed, it quite prostrated their chairman, who, in spite of his pompous entrance, sat huddled up in his chair, the sweat breaking out of every pore and the look of final despair in his eyes.

When the pastor was through with his driveling the organist took her place at the wheezy little cabinet organ and struck up a decorous-sounding tune to which the contestants marched round and round the room before the eyes of the bewildered arbiters. They stepped jauntily off, marking the time perfectly to show off their airs and graces as well as their clothing. It was like nothing so much as a sort of religious cake-walk. And the three victims of their own popularity presided over the scene with a solemnity that was not all dignity nor yet pride of place. Five times the contestants marched around and then, at a signal, they halted and ranged themselves in a more or less straight line before the judges.

After careful inspection, somewhat like that of prize cattle at a fair, they were dismissed, and three very nervous and perturbed gentlemen retired to consult.

Now, these people were lovers of music, and at the very promise that they were to hear their favorite singer, Miss Otilla Bell, they usually became enthusiastic. But to-night Miss Bell came out without a greeting, and sang her best without attention. There were other things occupying the minds of the audience. The vocalist was barely done warbling disappointedly when a burst of applause brought a smile to her face. But a

"I'S GWINE TO AX YOU DES ONCE MO'"

glance in the direction toward which every one was looking showed her that the acclamation was not for her, but for the returning judges.

The men took their seats until the handclapping ceased, and then Mr. Hatfield, in sorrowful case, arose to read the committee's report.

"We, de committee——" He paused and looked at his breathless auditors, then went on: "We, de committee; I wishes to impress dat on you. Dis ain't de decision of one man, but of a committee, an' one of us ain't no mo' 'sponsible den de othah. We, de committee, aftah carefully ezaminin' de costooms of de ladies hyeah assembled ez contestants in dis annual calico social" (It was not annual, but then it sounded well), "do fin'" (Here he cleared his throat again, and repeated himself)—"do fin' dat de mos' strikin' costoom was wo' by Miss Matilda Jenkins, who is daihfo' entitled to de prize."

A little patter of applause came from the Jenkins partisans.

"Will Miss Jenkins please come forrard?"

Matilda sidled to the front with well-simulated modesty.

"Miss Jenkins, we, de committee—I repeat, we, de committee, teks gret pleasure in pussentin' you wid de prize fu' yo' handsome costoom. It is dis beautiful photygraph a'bum. May you have nuffin' but de faces of frien's in it fu' de reason dat you has no inimies."

He bowed. She bowed. There was again the patter of perfunctory applause, and for that night, at least, the incident was closed.

Fear has second sight, and, albeit he trembled in his shoes, Mr. Hatfield was in nowise astonished when old man Jones called on him next morning at the hotel where he was employed.

"W'y, w'y, how do, Mistah Jones? How do?

"Howdy?" growled the old man, and went on without pause: "Me an' 'Rilla wants to see you to-night."

"W'y, w'y, Mistah Jones," began Hatfield, "I—I——" But the other cut him short, his brow gathering.

"Me an' 'Rilla wants to see you," he said.

The scared waiter paused. What should he do? He must decide quickly, for the man before him looked dangerous. There must be no trouble there because it would mean the loss of his place, and the fact that he was a head waiter was dear to him. Better promise to go and have it out where the presence of Amarilla might mitigate his punishment. So he stammered forth: "Oh, well, co'se, ef you an' Miss Amarilla wants me, w'y, I'll come."

"All right;" and the irate Jones turned away.

With trembling knees he knocked at the Jones door that night. The old man himself opened to him and received him alone in the front room. This was threatening.

"I reckon you reelizes, Mistah Hatfiel'," said Jones when they had seated themselves and disposed of the weather, "you reelizes dat I had some'p'n putic'lah to say er I wouldn' 'a' had you come hyeah?"

"I knows you's a man o' bus'ness, Mistah Jones."

"I is, suh; so let's come to bus'ness. You t'ought las' night dat Tildy Jenkins was bettah dressed den my daughter?"

Hatfield glanced at the glowering face and stammered: "Well, of co'se, you know, Mistah Jones, I wasn' de whole committee."

"Don't you try to beat erbout de bush wid me—answeh my question?" cried the father angrily.

"I don't des see how I kin answeh. You hyeahed de decision."

"Yes, I hyeahed it, an' I want to know des what you t'ought."

"Dey was two othah men 'long wid me."

Jones walked over and stood towering before his trembling victim. "I's gwine to ax you des once mo', did you t'ink Matildy's dress any puttier den my 'Rilla's?"

"No, no—suh," chattered the chairman of the committee.

"Den," thundered Amarilla's father—"den you own up dat you showed favoh to one side?"

"No, no—I didn' sho' no favoh—but—but de majo'ity, hit rules."

"Majo'ity, majo'ity! W'y, w'en I's in de Odd Fellows' meetin's, ef I's one ag'in fifty, I brings in a mino'ity repo't."

"But I don't reckon dat 'ud 'a' been fittin'."

"Fittin', fittin'! Don't you daih to set thaih an' talk to me erbout fittin', you nasty little rapscallion, you. No, suh! You's shamed my house, you's insulted my gal, an'——"

"Oh, no, Mistah Jones, no. W'y, d'ain't nobody I thinks mo' of den I does of Miss Amarilla."

"Dey hain't, eh? Well, dey's only one way to prove it," said Mr. Jones sententiously; and then he called: "'Rilla, come hyeah. I'll be right outside de do'," he said, "an' we'll know putty soon how to treat you."

He went out and the vivacious 'Rilla entered.

"Good-evenin'," she said.

"Good-evenin'," said Hatfield in agony. "Oh, Miss 'Rilla, Miss 'Rilla," he cried, "I hope you don't think I meant any kin' o' disrespect to you?" She hung her head.

"You know dey ain't nobody dat I think any mo' of den I do of you." In his fervor he took her hand.

"This is so sudden," she said, "but I thought I unnerstood you all along. Ef you really does think so much o' me, I reckon I has to tek you even ef you was sich a naughty boy las' night," and she looked at him lovingly.

He stood with staring eyes, dumfounded. She had taken his apology for a proposal of marriage, and he—he dared not correct her. He looked toward the door meditating flight, but remembered what was just behind it.

"Dear Miss Amarilla," he said, "dis is mo' den I expected."

The ponderous Mr. Jones did not bother them again that evening. He must have heard all.

Matilda Jenkins first heard the news upon the street. She came home directly and before taking off her hat picked up the red plush album and hurled it fiercely out into the yard, where it barely missed her father's head.

"What's dat?" he cried.

"Dat?" she shrieked. "Dat is de price o' Mistah Hatfiel'."

Some Modern Buccaneers

By REBECCA HARDING DAVIS

I MUST plead guilty to a liking for those disreputable folk, the half-starved, scampish adventurers who haunt the outer edge of the fields of literature and journalism; for these fields march together now and the fence between them is almost broken down. Your real authors—the accredited rulers in these demesnes—are not always people with whom you can fellowship. You stare at them, or save their autographs, but you don't ask them home to dinner or to go a-fishing with you for a long July day. One reason is, that many of these important folk have been too long aware that the public eye is upon them, and their self-consciousness covers their real selves as would mask and domino. Who can blame them? How can any man be his real self or indulge in any lovable, foolish capers when he knows that a dozen reporters of the Sunday papers are focusing their cameras upon him?

Another reason is that you yourself have illusions about these men of genius. They are not always on the tripod, and you resent it when you see them off of it. A poet has sung to you like the lark at Heaven's gate, and when you meet him he is babbling of his cook and of a new sauce for crabs. Or you meet that famous novelist whose book was one of the successes of last century, and he talks to you by the hour of his own incomparable genius and assures you gravely that he has put Scott and Thackeray to shame. Or you are asked to dine with the woman whose songs have reached dark places in your heart, which you thought were known only to you and to God, and she giggles in her talk, and uses perfume, and poses, even while she eats, as a conscious Sappho.

Now, it hurts you to see these priests of Apollo thus stripped of their proper gleaming vestments and going about in such cheap clothes. Their every-day dullness or under-breeding makes you forget their inspired moments, and you end by ungratefully denying the help which they actually have given to you.

It is a good rule never to see or talk to the man whose words have wrung your heart, or helped it, just as it is wise not to look down too closely at the luminous glow which sometimes shines on your path on a summer night if you would not see the ugly worm below.

But the poor unknown scribbler outside of the gates of literature has no reputation to keep up. He need not pose. Nobody mistakes his old hat for a halo. You have no illusions about him; nothing that he can do will disappoint you. He can afford to be his own tricky, fascinating self.

Now, it has occurred to me that though there are scores of biographies and portraits of our American Immortals, the famous folk who publish books and draw royalties and write autographs for church fairs, nobody has sketched those uneasy, unsuccessful ghosts who haunt the gates and hedges of the scribbling world; always outside, yet always hoping to enter in. Why should I not tell you of one or two of them whom I have known?

I remember a chubby schoolgirl of sixteen who once brought to me the manuscripts of several philosophic essays which she wished to have published "*at once*."

"What was your object in writing them?" I asked, to gain time.

"Partly," she said sententiously, "to make a large sum of money, and partly to improve the age."

The Inspired Poet from Georgia

Few of these queer folk, however, have both of these motives. They either mean to wring a living out of the public or they propose to reform it, with the fervor of the apostles and as firm a faith in their own genius as ever martyr had in his God.

One of this last class was a woman from the mountains of Georgia who called on me one winter's day years ago. She was lean and crippled, and talked with the broad negro inflections of the quarters.

But she had escaped from the mountains. She had reached a city. She thought she was on her way to storm Olympus, and had put on her best gown for the adventure, a faded green silk decorated with bows of washed yellow ribbon. She pulled at them nervously as she looked at me with excited pale eyes, her jaws twitching.

"I am on my way to New York," she began at once. "I mean to go into the profession of authorship there. I expected to be paid some money here in Philadelphia for a poem of mine which was printed in the Church Lamp. But when I arrive here, I find the Church Lamp has not been published for a year. It has gone out! No office, no editors, no Lamp! No money for me! And I have no money—none at all;" waving her empty hands and laughing. "I thought that perhaps authors had a guild—a beneficial society to help each other with loans——?"

I quickly assured her that I never had heard of such a league and asked her how she proposed to carry on life in New York with no money at all. Why not go home?

"Home!" she said. "Turn back! Why! I am an authoress. You don't understand," she explained, patiently, tapping the sides of a little satchel. "Poems!" she whispered, nodding with shining eyes.

I hinted that New York editors did not stand upon their doorsteps with money in their hands waiting for poems. But she smiled at my ignorance.

"You forget that I am not an ordinary authoress," she said quietly. "I have been preparing for this for many years. I have great power. I have genius. Everybody in our county will tell you that. I have genius. I have several of my best poems here;" and again she touched the old satchel.

Well—remonstrance was useless. She went to New York and no word or sign came back from her.

Years afterward I spent an evening with Mrs. Ann S. Stephens—the Scheherezade of her generation and probably the kindest woman in it. We were talking of the queer folk who followed her craft. I told her of the Georgian poetess. Her face flushed, but she said nothing. But a friend who was dining with us exclaimed: "Why, that is Inez Black. She is living with Mrs. Stephens now! She was invited to luncheon one day a year ago and she never went away!"

"Inez Black undoubtedly *is* a genius!" said Mrs. Stephens, her white curls shaking nervously.

"Inez Black undoubtedly is a humbug!" said her friend.

To this day I don't know which of them was right.

There was no such doubt with regard to Fräulein Crescenz Wittkampf, a fat, fair, pink-cheeked German who once descended upon us. She was one of those modern women who are ready to seize the occasion—to seize any occasion by the bridle, mount it and ride it to victory.

Some good nuns in a convent in Alsace near the hut where she was born had recognized this power in the child and taught her other things than embroidery—among the rest, English. When she was in her twenties there was a World's Fair in Paris. She went to it as saleswoman of some work of the Sisters. While there she quickly made friends. One of them, an Englishwoman, offered her fair wages to go to India as nurse and companion to the daughter of an English officer stationed in Bombay. The girl was a child of twelve. Crescenz rejoiced at her good luck and set sail with her charge. Not until they were two days out at sea did she discover that the child was subject to violent paroxysms of madness. However, when she reached Bombay she was mistress of the girl and of the situation. She remained in India long enough to concoct a book made up of her imaginary dealings with Catholics and Hindus. It was highly seasoned with horrors and indecencies, but it had a religious title and was a savage attack upon the followers of the Pope and of Buddha.

Crescenz reaped a good harvest from it. She was expert, too, in making friends with notable people—statesmen, popular preachers, millionaires, or fashionable women. Something in her round, innocent face, her China-blue eyes and her childish gurgle went to the hearts of most women and all men. They almost always gave her presents, usually in money. When they did not give she would begin to chatter of another book which she was writing, Glimpses of Life in the Great Republic, and the personal anecdotes with which she would season it. "A little dingy, some of them. But for the sake of art, one must use one's friends, eh?" They would laugh uneasily and call her "a flighty, inconsequent child; but not vicious? Surely, not vicious?" But they always gave her money, to be safe.

No doubt the little rose-tinted girl was at heart a blackmailer, rending her prey for her food, merciless as a wolf.

But while she was in Philadelphia an old woman with whom she boarded fell ill with malignant diphtheria. Servants and boarders fled in panic. Crescenz shut the doors and for weeks, at the risk of her own life, nursed the woman tenderly. When she was cured, the girl refused her money and went on her way, again to prey upon her kind.

For there are drops of red blood under even the wolf's hide.

One of our good friends, years ago, was Dr. J. G. Holland, who, more than any other American writer, fed the young people of the States through his prose and verse with the distilled essence of common-sense. He had incessant disputes with me about almsgiving, I upholding the ancient lax methods of the good Samaritan, who, out of his own pocket, helped the man fallen by the wayside, not inquiring too closely as to his character. The Doctor maintained vehemently that all alms should be given through the agents of the Organized Charity Boards, and then only after strict examination, to those whom they found worthy. Hence, I laughed a little one day when I received a letter from him inclosing a large check, and asking me to call on a Mrs. Lamb who had written to him from Philadelphia, a widow with four children, starving in a hovel, who had, she said, once sung with him in a choir in Springfield. "I don't remember her," he said, "but no doubt she tells the truth. Will you see her, and if you think it right give her this and let me know what more ought to be done for her?"

—HAS SUNG TO YOU LIKE THE LARK AT HEAVEN'S GATE

I found the house to which she directed him to be no hovel, but one of a row of high, showy dwellings near Logan Square. The Quaker town of late years has filled up with these sham fashionable houses. A film of brownstone hid the brick front, wooden towers rose above the eaves, the tiny hall was choked by a huge imitation bronze Hercules, with a cotton-lace shade on his back, holding a lamp. Just as I reached the house a smartly dressed nursemaid brought a baby-wagon down the steps. A chubby, blue-eyed child of three years looked out smiling from the fluffs of white chiffon and rose silk. An old, lean woman in a soiled print gown, with no collar, an untidy wisp of gray hair knotted up on her head, anxiously helped the nurse carry down the wagon, and watched the baby out of sight with an eager glow of delight on her face. Then she turned to me.

"A very pretty baby!" I said.

"Yes." She had the sharp, furtive eyes of a rat watching its enemy. But they softened a little. "It's mine," she added.

"Yes. And you are Mrs. Lamb? I have a letter of yours which I have come to answer. To Doctor Holland."

"Holland? Oh—yes. Come in." She stared at me perplexed and whispered to herself as we went up the steps.

Afterward I understood her perplexity. She was a begging-letter writer by profession and sent off dozens of appeals a day to prominent people whose names she found in the newspapers. Who was "Holland," and which story had she told him?

She ushered me into a room in which a fat, bloated young man was lolling on a sofa. "This is my husband," she said. "Mr. Augustus Lamb. He is a sculptor. You may have heard of him?"

Augustus threw down his torn novel and glanced uneasily at the breakfast tray beside him and the unmade bed in the next room. "Yes, ma'am, I'm a sculptor. But I'll turn my hands to any kind of honest work. Except," slapping his thigh and glaring at me defiantly—"except one. I'll never be a bartender. I'll starve. But I'll not tend bar."

"Yes, yes, Augustus!" said his wife. "Go out, now. This lady wants to see me alone."

"Certainly, Cora, if I'm not wanted——" and he put on his high hat and swaggered out.

I need not linger over the story which I learned then and afterward. Cora Lamb was probably the most successful beggar by letters in this country. She had carried on the trade for years. She had married this man—who was young enough to be her son—and supported him. They both were drunkards, swindlers and thieves. But their love for their child was genuine. I think each of them meant to keep her (it was a little girl, Mary Regina) away from the other, that she might grow up innocent and pure.

It is needless to say that Doctor Holland's check was returned to him. But I was interested in the Lambs and kept a distant watch on them.

"PARTLY . . . . TO MAKE A LARGE SUM OF MONEY, AND PARTLY TO IMPROVE THE AGE"

A month later Mrs. Lamb was arrested for swindling. The charge was not proven, but while she was in Moyamensing Augustus took all the money she had and the child, and decamped. She followed him, found them in a hotel in Chicago, attacked and stabbed him and escaped with the baby. Then the Lambs became a valuable property of the reporters. Augustus brought suit for the child, and when the courts gave her to him, managed to elude his wife and placed the baby in an institution near New York.

The rest of the matter is too ghastly and true for me to make a dramatic story out of it. The half-crazed woman raced over the country looking for her baby and at the end of a year found her. She obtained admission into the institution as a servant, and at last escaped with the little girl and took passage on a Sound boat for New London. There was a heavy fog that night, the boat collided with another and sank, and hundreds of lives were lost. My readers will no doubt remember the incident, for the country shuddered with horror at the accounts of it, and of the corpses which covered the waves when the sun rose. Among them was that of an old woman. She had tied a child upon her breast, so that it sat upon her dead body as upon a raft, and so was saved.

So that was the end of my poor swindler friend, Cora. Little Mary Regina, when they untied her, cried to go back to her mother and sat down on the beach beside her again, patting and kissing her cold face. Her father claimed her and gave her again into the charge of the good sisters.

But in the ragged, attractive regiment of Disreputables that I have known, the most attractive and the most ragged, as to morals, was Evangeline Gasparé.

Compared with other women of her profession, she was a Napoleon among militiamen, a Salvini among barnstormers. She preyed upon organizations, not individuals, and so masterly were her tricks that even her victims paid her a grudging homage. When she operated in England, the Times and Saturday Review in leading articles anxiously warned the public against the Queen of Adventurers, as if she were a new pestilence which was creeping into the country.

And who was Evangeline Gasparé? Ah, who ever knew? I never did.

The Strange Story of Evangeline Gasparé

The vestry of a wealthy church in New York believed her to be the Irish widow of an Italian prince, a devout little Protestant whose only hope was to rescue her boy from the hold of his uncle, who was a Cardinal, and to fit him for the Presbyterian ministry. This church supplied her regularly with funds.

Mr. Moody believed her to be a zealous Methodist detailed by certain Dissenters in England to report his work in this country. She followed him around over the country, and for months in his great mass meetings a little woman in gray was conspicuous. Some of my readers may remember her. She sat near Mr. Sankey and sang the old hymns with a voice pathetic as Scalchi's, and a rapt, lovely face—often with tears. The newspaper reporters in Philadelphia knew her as the regular correspondent of the London News. They made a comrade of her, gave her tickets to the theatres, heaped Christmas gifts on the boy. She used to ask them to gay little suppers and sang drinking songs to them as fervently as hymns; being quite in earnest in both.

But Madame Gasparé did not drink and was as chaste as ice. The whole of the seven devils seldom enter into one woman. Evangeline led no man into vice. But she told each of these young fellows confidentially the name of the noble English family to which her husband had belonged, and the story of the suit now pending to establish her son's claim to title and estates, and stripped the credulous boys of every dollar that they could raise to pay her lawyers.

The weakness of the little woman was that the credulity of her victims soon bored her. She yawned in their faces and threw up each successful scheme to try another.

In Washington one winter she held a salon which was frequented by the ultra friends of the negro in Congress. So fervent was her zeal for the Freedman that she delivered for his benefit a public eulogy on Charles Sumner, then just dead, and in the fresh glow of its great success advanced on Philadelphia to be adopted and caressed by the kindly Quaker Abolitionists of that city. This adventure paid more in honor than in money, and during the winter of '75 poor Evangeline sometimes was hungry.

It was then that I first saw her. An old clergyman sent her to me, introducing her as "a pious woman who had done noble work for the Freedmen. In her temporary embarrassment, I probably could suggest some employment," etc., etc.

The Woman Who Won an Admiral

I found a little woman waiting for me who in the first instant made a singular impression of good breeding and candor. She wore a simple, perfectly made gray dress and hat.

"Doctor G—— has told you about me?" she said in a low voice. It was an unusual voice, with a pleading note in it that reached your heart as if a hurt child or a cripple spoke. "I am in a temporary strait. And he suggests that I shall—knit men's socks!" She looked at me, her dark blue eyes gleaming with fun. One's heart warmed at sight to the innocent face—the candid eyes, the trembling lips.

"Isn't he droll?" she said, holding out her hands. "Fancy *me* knitting men's socks!"

I saw Evangeline Gasparé many times after that, knowing what she was. But the honest, confiding eyes and sensitive mouth never lost their power over me, woman as I was.

In the straits that followed during that winter she robbed a certain Mr. Smith of a small sum of money, and was found out. But her eyes and voice had power enough over Smith's kind heart to induce him to withdraw the charge against her.

On the opening of the Centennial Exposition, in May, some of her friends in the Senate came up and took her with them to the little high platform on which stood the most distinguished guests. Now, poor Mr. Smith, as it happened, was among the crowd of nameless folk below who were driven back by the police from even the outer court. What was his rage on looking up to see Madame Gasparé in an exquisite costume standing aloft beaming with smiles beside the Emperor of Brazil and General Grant! He lost all control of himself and shouted: "Send that thief down! She robbed me of twenty dollars!"

"I MEAN TO GO INTO THE PROFESSION OF AUTHORSHIP"

Evangeline's eyes did not blench nor her quiet voice falter. But in a moment she disappeared and this country knew her no more.

Three years later the English papers contained an account of the death of Admiral ——, aged seventy, who had bequeathed the whole of his personal property to his adopted daughter, Evangeline Gasparé, "the orphan child of Ralph Gasparé, an Irish captain who had lost his life in the American Civil War, a volunteer in the Southern cause."

The heirs brought suit to break the will. They broke it; they searched out the little woman's history, producing the dead husband, and the living son, whom she had comfortably hidden in a school in Switzerland. Evangeline was tried for perjury. The rank of the contestants, the infatuation of the poor old Admiral, and the singular beauty and charm of the prisoner made of the case a *cause célèbre*. Twice during the trial Evangeline started up and made impassioned appeals to the judge. He was English and slow of apprehension and of tongue. Before she could be silenced the innocent eyes and wonderful voice had done their work. She was found guilty, but sentenced to only two years' imprisonment. The English newspapers jeered at her for her stupidity in keeping her lubberly son almost within sight while she played her desperate game, and for her obstinate refusal to become the wife of the old Admiral.

Three years later I saw in the report of a Southampton police court that Evangeline Gasparé had been arrested for stealing six shillings.

The night closed over her after that. I know nothing more.

But I am sure, whatever may be the depths into which she has sunk, in this world or in any other, there is one clean chamber in her soul. She has been true to her boy and to her woman's honor.

More than that. Of all these tricky folk, and many other poor vagabonds whom I have seen shipwrecked and lost upon the shores of life, there was not one who did not have some honest fibre in his soul—a high belief, a pure affection—some rag of a white flag to hold up in God's sight as he went down.

Thompson's Progress—The Treaty Makers

By CUTCLIFFE HYNE

"A BARONETCY FOR TOM? HOW DELIGHTFUL OF YOU"

NO, SIR, I'm very sorry, sir," said the butler, "but the master is particularly engaged just now, and won't be free till dinner-time."

"Mrs. Thompson in?"

"No, sir; out driving. She left word she would not be back till late. I don't think you could have said what train you were coming down by, sir."

Mr. Gahan remembered that a carriage had been sent to meet him at the station, but did not comment on this openly or facially. The industry of politics had taught him to carry an impassive face. "But I fancy," he observed inwardly to himself, "that they'd have been a trifle more keen to receive me if they'd known that I'd come down with the offer of a baronetcy in my pocket. Pity one's got to make use of these parvenus. I must say, though, the place shows good taste."

The butler continued his respectful apologies. "I'm sorry, sir, but the young gentlemen are out, too. Shall I bring you a cup of tea, or would you prefer anything else, sir?"

"Thanks, no," said Gahan. "I'll go out and smoke in the park till dinner-time. I saw a man rabbiting there as I drove through. I'll watch him, and enjoy the air."

"Certainly, sir. I'll bring you cigars."

Mr. Gahan, like other people before him, found Buton Hall and its gardens, with the carp-ponds, and the park, with their backing of heather-covered hills, very pleasing to the eye.

"It does seem a shame," said Mr. Gahan to himself, as he eyed caressingly the autumn dressing of the Buton oaks and beeches, "it does seem an abominable shame that a man should get a magnificent old place like this merely by working for it. Why couldn't he build himself a shiny stone palace outside Bradford, and leave Buton to be held by somebody who could appreciate it? I give him credit, though, for keeping good cigars. It's a pity to smoke such tobacco as this in the open air. But perhaps his butler buys them for him."

With musings after this pattern Mr. Gahan made his way appreciatively across the park, stepped over a line of wire rabbit-fencing, and presently came upon a man engaged beside a burrow. Three ferrets kicked in their bags by his side, nets covered all the neighboring holes, and the man himself was occupied in driving back a couple of pale yellow ferrets which seemed to prefer the open air to their professional duties down below.

"The rabbits don't seem to be at home," said Gahan.

"'Appen," said the rabbiter. "But t' spot fair crawled wi'm this morn."

"Perhaps they're in the next hole. They may have been driven out of this by a weasel or something."

"I've tried six and found nowt. Seems to me there's been some beggar round here poaching."

"I suppose Mr. Thompson doesn't care much about game preservation."

The rabbiter wiped the clay from his fingers on to the grass, and looked up with a stolid face. "Oo might you be, please?"

"I'm staying up at the hall."

"Then, sir, you must have been there a very short time, and know our guvernor very little or not at all, or you wouldn't ask a fond question like that. Him keen on game preserving!" The rabbiter chuckled. "There's only one thing he's keener on, but that's not for me to talk about; indeed, I'm not supposed to know it."

"Is he a good shot?"

"Middlin'," said the rabbiter judicially. "But for knowing where birds is, either on the moor or in covert, and for being able to get at them, there isn't his equal. I tell you, Mister, that when our guvernor took to making hissell a millionaire there was the best gamekeeper in England just thrown away. I've often said it was a pity."

Gahan was genuinely pleased with the information. It went some way toward reconciling him to the present ownership of Buton. He was a keen sportsman himself. "I'm glad to hear you're down on poachers here."

"Oh, we're all that. There's a five-pound note for us keepers for every chap that's copped here taking the game, and there's ten pound if we can nobbut leet on t' worst of them."

"The ringleader, d'you mean? The organizer?"

"No. This 'ere chap works by hissen, and gathers more game when he's i' t' mood than all t' rest of them put together. They say he's got a mongrel lurcher bitch that's a fair monkey for cleverness, though I've never seed orther o' them mysen. But I've a notion who t' chap is, and I s'ouldn't wonder but what I fobbed yon ten pound one o' these neets."

Gahan had been peering down at the grass. "I rather fancy you might have a try for it now."

"What's that, sir?"

"Take away those nets, and give the ferrets free play. There—look. A scent's been laid down here, and that one's following it like a hound. There, the other's joined in. I thought as much. Somebody's run a drag over here. You can follow it by eye if you stoop."

"Ay," said the rabbiter, "that sounds a bit o' all right, Mister. But what's the use of a drag here? Hares or pheasants you can lure away with valerian or assyfettleder, but these is rabbiths here, an' I never heard of a way to whistle them from thro' their 'oils i' t' dayleet."

"Nor I," said Gahan, "but we're neither of us poachers or inventors, you see."

The rabbiter seemed struck with a sudden idea. "No, we're not. But t' chap I have i' mind's both. Sitha, how ferret's following t' scent. I bet yon never thought of being copped that way. It's a rare owd-fashioned trick hunting him down wi' a ferret, by goy, isn't it, Mister? Sitha, t' ferret's dodging about like a firework to each rabbith-'oil i' turn. Yon chap's pulled drag over every one of them, an' t' rabbiths has all come out an' followed it."

"Look at this piece of bare soil: it's just smothered with their tracks. And look on ahead here through the grass. There's a regular lane. Here, pick up the ferret. There's no mistaking the way now." Mr. Gahan split and twisted a good stout cudgel from a hazel. "Come along now, quickly and quietly, and perhaps I can help you catch your man."

The rabbiter murmured something indistinctly about catching a very evil gentleman asleep, but followed briskly on at Gahan's heels, and the pair of them crashed into a cover.

They were not good trackers, and more than once had again to bring the ferret to their aid. Moreover, they made sufficient noise in their passage to advertise all the wild things of the woods about each and all their movements. But they worked on slowly and persistently, and in the end came to the farther side of the cover, and there in the open saw a sight which made Gahan whistle and the rabbiter swear out of sheer amazement.

A length of the wire rabbit fencing had been pulled away from its former position, and the stakes reset in a curve back on to itself so as to form a pound. At one point on the outside a small pit had been dug, and covered by the lid of a barrel, ingeniously poised. The line of the drag led to this lid, which was liberally smeared with the lure. The rabbits would scamper on to it, and promptly the lid would capsize and drop them into the pit below, thereupon returning to its former appearance of security. And the pit communicated down a short passage with the interior of the pound.

As a plain testimonial to the efficiency of the plan the floor of the pound was literally carpeted with mumbling, kicking, scuffling, furry rabbits.

"We've missed catching the man," said Gahan. "He must have heard us coming through the cover, and taken fright and bolted. But, at any rate, we've stopped him from walking off with the rabbits."

The rabbiter was on his knees snuffling the barrel lid. "I wish I could annylize what this 'ere drag's made of. But I cannot. It's not valerian, and it's not assyfettleder. It's some blame' chimical of his own, and he'll keep t' secret of it and just make my life a punishment if I cannot contrive to cop him i' t' act."

"You seem to know pretty well who the man is."

The rabbiter grunted with contempt. "Of course I do, Mister. It's the guvernor—who else?"

"What, Mr. Thompson?"

"Naturally. He's the finest poacher i' Yorkshire. Everybody knows that as knows owt round here. But," added the rabbiter with a wink, "'e doesn't think as we know. Still, I must say we never catch him, though we're always on the try, and he'd fork out right handsome to a man who did it."

"Surprising sort of a millionaire, this," thought Gahan to himself as he walked slowly back to the hall across the park. "Seems a bit different from my first measure of him. There's more in the man than mere wool and dollars. Well, he'll make all the better baronet. What a grand old house it is, and what splendid timber. I wonder if our parvenu has had the foresight to equip himself with aitches as well as a fine estate. I really must have another walk through these grounds before I go in to be bored."

It was late when Mr. Gahan got in, and he went up straight to dress, and then reported himself in the drawing-room. A good deal to his surprise he found a house party there of quite twenty people.

A sturdy, clean-shaven man with a powerful jaw and a strong blue eye singled him out and came across. "I'm awfully sorry there was no one in to meet you when you came. I'm T. Thompson, by the way. My wife will be down in a minute."

"Don't apologize. I've been gloating over the beauties of your park, and amusing myself with one of your keepers. I gather you take a special interest in rabbits."

The blue eyes twinkled. "Yes, entertaining creatures, rabbits. Curiously simple to lead them about when you know how. But you've got to learn to move quietly in cover before you can do much in that line."

Gahan laughed.

"I arranged the big shoot for the day after to-morrow," said Tom hospitably, "but I'll see you go out to-morrow if you care to face an extra day."

"Doesn't a bit know who I am," thought Gahan.

"I'm sorry, but none of the shooting people are here yet. They'll be all foreigners at dinner to-night. Do you talk French?"

"No," said Gahan with a laugh; "I'm afraid I only talk politics," and mentioned his name.

His host laughed also. "I'm afraid you will think we are an awfully muddly crew down here. I didn't know a bit you were coming down, and that's the truth. But we're business people to this extent, that my partner, Mrs. Thompson, manages the political department altogether, and I don't interfere. Here she is, by the way. Let me take you across—My dear, Mr. Gahan, whom you've asked to come down to see you, and who doesn't talk French. Gahan, will you take Mrs. Thompson in to dinner?"

"Bless my soul," thought Gahan, "she doesn't know who I am, either. They seem to do their entertaining here on a scale that's wide and, to say the least of it, cosmopolitan. I must have been corresponding with a secretary. We'd better know how we stand. It's no use beating about the bush any more."

So whilst he was taking his hostess across the wide hall to the dining-room he bluntly announced his errand into her ear.

"A baronetcy for Tom? How delightful of you—or them—or whoever it is. He won't take it, of course. He always said from the first that he was going to have a peerage, and, as he said so, he'll have it. But it's quite delicious to hear it offered."

"Then I am superfluous?"

"Not a bit. Not at all. It is immensely kind of you to come down and see us. We don't want the peerage yet, not for at least half a dozen more years, or I'd ask you to help. I'm sure Tom would be delighted if you did."

This pretty, joyous woman was outside Gahan's calculations. He did not know what to make of her, except that she was a lady, though, for that matter, T. Thompson himself

Editor's Note—This is the last of twelve stories, each complete in itself, by Mr. Hyne, descriptive of the rise of Thompson.

appeared to the eye and the ear as the ordinary, civilized, Christian gentleman, and not the raw, self-assertive, patois-speaking parvenu which he had pictured. Decidedly this household puzzled him. He talked on to get more knowledge of its ways. "You seem to have your processes pretty well in hand if you can talk so certainly about results."

"My excellent husband," said Mary Thompson cheerfully, "always is certain of a result before he begins to move. There is no magic about it. He sleeps only about four hours a day, and he's thinking things out and arranging them for the rest of the twenty-four. Only he does it in railway carriages, and on the moor, and in places like those, and people miss the mental agony, and that's why they always associate him with luck and conjuring tricks."

"I only know him," Gahan confessed, "from his contributions to party funds, and it is because of those that I am down here."

"With the baronetcy in one hand and a polite request for more in the other?"

"You've got it in a phrase. By the way, do none of these good people here understand English?"

"*Pas un mot.* That comfortable dame in the high frock and the diamond breastplate next my husband thinks she understands a little, but in effect she doesn't. It's a pity for her, because the odds are she'll be the next Madame la Présidente. So we can gossip as dangerously as we please. By the way, did you think all those checks were toward purchasing that baronetcy?"

Gahan laughed. "My dear lady, you put it so bluntly that I begin to think they couldn't have been for that purpose. Not that it's anything to be ashamed of. People who want these little social additions do it every day."

"I suppose Tom and I are more ambitious, then. We are going to get our—what we want without direct purchase."

"Then," suggested Gahan rather slyly, "the checks to the party funds were sent out of sheer admiration?"

"Not one very little bit at all. They were either bribes or blackmail, whichever way you choose to look at it. Each has been conditional on something being done. Tom and I have our likes and dislikes, and we always see to it that we get the likes. For instance, he's traveled a good deal, and as a consequence he has remarkably small sympathy with those stay-at-home people who always think England in the wrong, and some other country (which they don't understand in the least) should be truckled to. We've paid a good many thousand pounds to save ourselves being nauseated by the sight of English honor being dragged in the mud by Englishmen. There was Egypt, for instance——"

"Ssh," said Gahan, glancing up the table, "please. There are many people that don't speak English for publication who can follow a conversation—especially if it isn't intended for them. Your future Mrs. President was looking down this way just then with a distinct eye of intelligence. We all understand, of course, that there are many wheels in political machinery, but it is not always advisable to describe them too publicly."

Mary Thompson showed amusement. "I don't think you and I can teach much in this way to these good folks round the table here. They're all French political people. They're over here on a visit, nominally to enjoy themselves at Buton, and to shoot ze Anglish grrouse bird. But really our dear visitors are here to see how trade is run in Bradford, and especially by Thompson & Asquith."

"That's your husband's firm?"

"Yes. They've got a lot of places in Bradford, and employ about five thousand hands, and not counting the German mills they've got another five thousand hands in their Continental works, which are mostly in France. Now, French tariffs and French legislation don't suit England's views, and Tom is English first, last, and all the way. As a consequence, things in France have got to be altered, or Tom will give them over there a very bad time indeed commercially. Of course, there are no threats. He'll be beautifully tactful and polite with them, but they'll believe he'll be as good as his word. He's had to give exhibitions of truthfulness in France just as he once had to here in England, and people got hurt because they were skeptical."

"How do you mean? Strikes and things?"

"Yes, closing down mills and destroying machinery. He set up a machine-shop in Roubaix once, and they hampered him. He gave them fair warning to drop it, and as they wouldn't he broke up all the tools, took away the business, and incidentally smashed all the other textile machinery makers in France by underselling them. So you see they came to believe that, when he said a thing was going to be, they could be certain it would be done. It's a great matter to be known as a man of your word."

"If Mr. Thompson gets France to adopt Free Trade I shall call him a miracle-maker. What's more, I can guarantee that the Prime Minister would see that he had his peerage in the next list."

"Oh, Tom's not Utopian. He's always eminently practical, and he never cries for the moon. France would never do anything so suicidal and ridiculous as that. England stands alone as the only nation that fosters foreign competition, and none of the others will ever be insane enough to try and push her off that pedestal, at any rate. No, it's the tariff on raw materials he's going to get lowered, so as to reduce finished prices in France and increase the French demand. At the same time he wants the tolls taken off the profits one makes over there, so that (don't you see?) Englishmen, who have the skill and the capital, can make money in France by manufacturing there, and bring it home to England to spend."

Gahan looked quizzically up at an oak beam in the ceiling. "What are you thinking of now? Oh, I see. It strikes you that my generous husband is working with half an eye on British interests, and a good eye and a half on his own?"

"Well, it has rather that appearance."

"Perhaps in a way you're right. But, believe me, he isn't working for mere money alone now. And, when you begin to think of it, the reason's perfectly plain. We're past that stage. We couldn't spend a third of our invested income if we tried—and the income is being added to automatically every week. Still, you know, once a man's built up a big business and made success with it, he carries it on for its own sake, and not entirely——" She broke off and laughed. Gahan noticed that she had a very fascinating laugh, and was, in fact, a remarkably beautiful woman. "What a nice light topic all this is for a dinner conversation! But it's your own fault for starting it. Politics are my weak place. It's an instance of heredity: my people have all dabbled ineffectively in politics for ten generations. You see the advantage of starting without the handicap of ancestors. That's where my husband scored. He was able to form his own tastes as he liked, without any hindrances whatever. Oh, dear! What's wrong now?"

A lady's maid had come into the room, voluble and French, and the staid butler was confronting her with disapproval. The maid, with waving hands, dodged past him, and made for the comfortable bejeweled lady who had been pointed out as the future Madame la Présidente.

It appeared that Madame had been robbed. Whilst Madame dined, thieves had broken into Madame's bedchamber, and taken not only Madame's emerald necklace but also the enamel bracelet, and the turquoise set, and, in fact, all Madame's relays of jewelry. The maid explained in a shrill, tearful crescendo.

Madame did not change color. The previous ministrations of the maid prevented that. But she showed unmistakable signs of an outbreak of hysteria. She had been struck in her tenderest spot. "I am ruined," she panted. "All my lovely toys! La, la! I shall have nothing now to wear. I shall be a picture of derision. And this is England! What barbarians!"

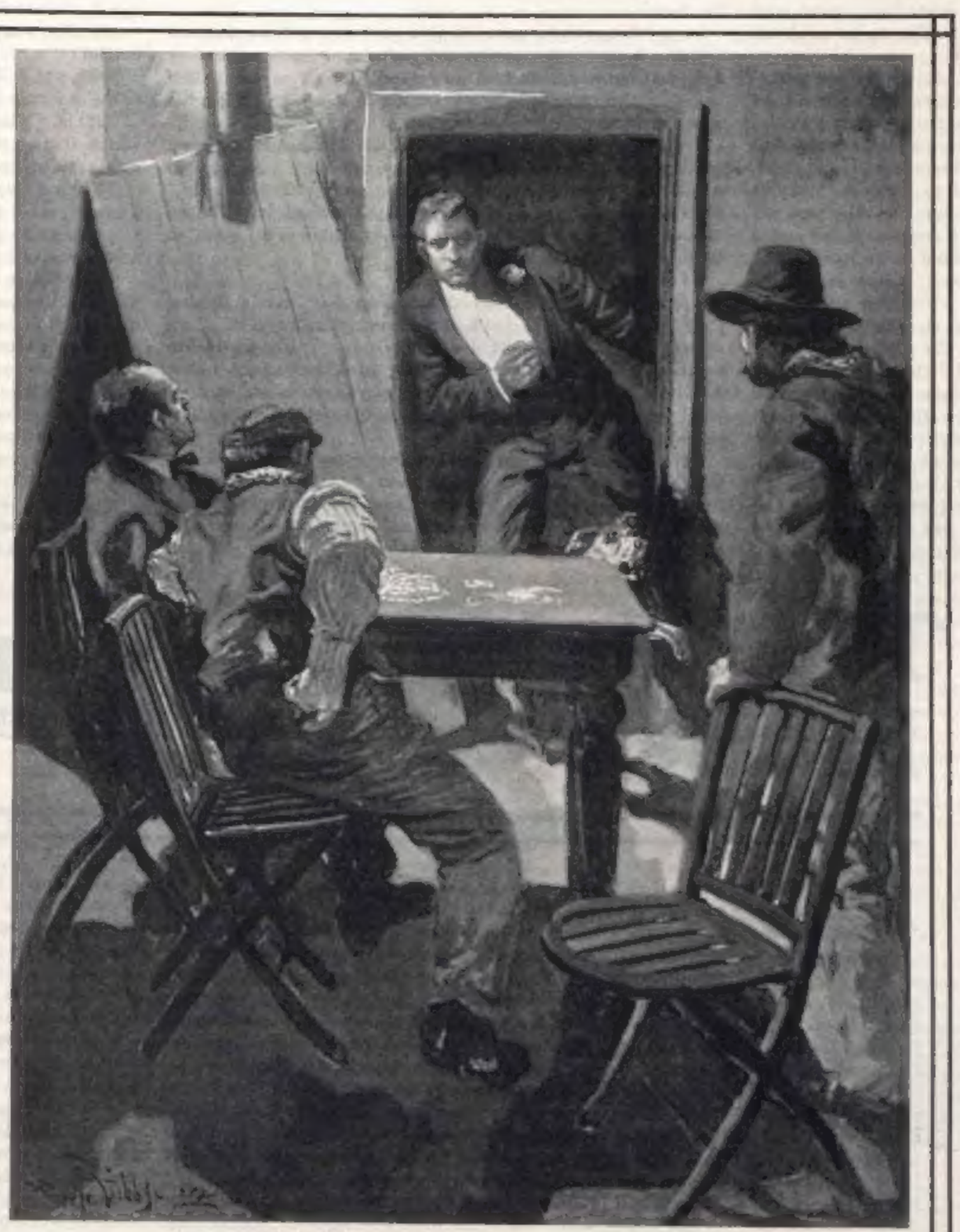
"Now, isn't that tiresome!" murmured Mrs. Thompson to Gahan at the other end of the table. "Now, this is just the sort of thing that breaks off half-made treaties. That woman has got more influence one way and another than all the rest of the party here put together. She's really, I believe, the most powerful person in the French Republic this minute, and certainly the vainest woman in Europe, and she'll be furious enough to run France into a war with us if the jewels are lost. Oh, there's Tom off to look. Then we may as well contain our souls in patience, because he knows the importance of it, and, if anybody can get them back, he's the man."

"It's an awkward incident," said Gahan. "Even Mr. Thompson," he added with dry malice, "can't plan everything beforehand as it ought to go."

Mary Thompson laughed happily. "Tom always allows plenty of margin. It will cost him a little more time and trouble, maybe, but it won't interfere with the result."

In the meanwhile Tom had gone up to Madame's bedroom and made a rapid survey. The unauthorized caller must have found his work ridiculously easy. He had found the position of a light gardener's ladder and the hour of dinner beforehand, and then making use of both of these had simply walked up to the window, opened it, and stepped inside. The jewel case lay invitingly on the dressing-table, guarded only by the usual flimsy lock. The invader had wrenched it open with a pair of scissors. He had pocketed the jewels, obligingly left the case behind him, scrawled a large "Thanks" in rouge on the looking-glass, and taken his departure.

Tom noted these points for himself, unlocked the bedroom door, opened it, and whistled. There came silently and speedily from up some distant staircase a large mongrel she-dog, who wriggled to Tom a quick, respectful salute and stood motionless.



SIMULTANEOUSLY THE MAN OPPOSITE PULLED A REVOLVER

"Come in here, Clara. Just put your nose to the carpet there, doguns. That's where Mr. Burglar will have stood. Now smell this jewel case if you can, and if it's not too much sodden with scent. He's handled that not a quarter of an hour ago. Now just take a sniff at this rouge-pot—yes, quite right, especially in the finger-marks. Now have another try at the floor here, in front of the dressing-table. Good old girl: now you've got it; right across to the window, and down the ladder.

"All right, old girl, this is where you beat me. Remember, I'm rather full of dinner."

Clara started off mutely along the trail, down garden paths, across lawns, through gates, over a sunk fence, and so out into the park.

Clara had a generous idea of pace. She knew Tom's powers and speed from long association with them, and as the keenness of hunting entered into her she was inclined to press them to the uttermost. Tom, bareheaded, in dress clothes and in thin dress shoes, was not exactly in a kit adapted for a brisk cross-country run; but he was a man always hard in wind and muscle, and just now he had rather a vicious interest in overtaking his chase.

Clara swung in her course when she came to the road which led to the village, and doubled back at an angle of about forty-five degrees to her original line. Tom waited till they came to a bit of soft ground, halted a moment, and peered down through the gloom for tracks, so as to check Clara's knowledge.

He found them readily enough. "All right, old girl," said he; "two pairs of boots." And Clara lifted one side of her nose and showed a few well-kept teeth, which was her imitation of a laugh. Then on they went again, rapidly and in silence, out on the rough ground below the moor.

"A pound to a brick," Tom betted to himself, "they're dividing up the plunder in the lunch hut. Well, there are two of them by their footmarks, and I suppose Clara and I should be able to handle the brace without much trouble."

He was right in his guess of the place. Clara led to the little stone house in a bee-line, and when they grew near enough they could see through the fog streaks of light from under the door and from the chinks in the window-shutter.

For a heavy man, Tom always trod lightly, as has before been reported in these memoirs, and just then he advanced even more quietly than usual. He was absolutely unarmed, of course, and though he did not shy at the scrimmage in the least on this account he was no fool not to make the most of his chances and get all the advantage of a surprise.

Consequently, when he put his shoulder to the door and sent it flying open into the hut, that was the first hint the men inside had of any one being in the neighborhood. At the same time that was the first notion Tom had got that he had not two desperate men to fight against, but three. There were two active burglars, as Tom had rightly diagnosed from the footprints. That the promoter of the scheme, who was also the receiver of the stolen goods, should be in the hut where the others had come to meet him was quite outside Tom's calculations.

However, once there he had neither opportunity nor inclination to back out, and what followed came quickly. His only chance of salvation lay in quick hitting, and as there was no time for chivalry he caught the man nearest him a terrific pelt on the angle of the jaw as he was in the act of rising from the table.

Simultaneously the man opposite pulled a revolver and blazed two shots within a yard of Tom's face, missing him completely. But when man number one toppled sideways from his stool, Tom picked up the heavy oaken table and beat it upon the face and shoulders of this marksman till he toppled on the floor, and was then just in time to save the life of number three, whom Clara had dragged to the ground, and was doing her best to finish off. This last man had made neither sound nor complaint during the whole proceeding. The silent Clara on her entrance had clamped him by the throat with her powerful jaws, springing there without yelp or whimper, and wrenching at him till he tumbled to the floor.

In the meanwhile man number one was pulling himself together from the floor, with the purpose of showing further fight, but by now Tom had possessed himself of the fallen revolver, and cheerfully promised to put a bullet through his shoulder if he gave further trouble.

"I'm not going to kill you," said Mr. Thompson, "so you needn't worry about that. But I'm too busy just now to waste more time in fighting you, and so if you show ugly I shall just disable you by a shot through the shoulder. In the meanwhile I must pick up this jewelry which is all spilt, so Clara—s't—watch him!"

"G-r-r-r!" said Clara.

"Now then. Attention! Heels together, hands behind your head, and just don't you move. You've seen Clara worry one man to-night, and she's quite ready to tackle another if I tip her a wink. Lucky thing the lamp's on the wall and wasn't upset in all this argument we've had. I shall want a light to pick up all these ornaments you've borrowed from one of my guests."

Tom had taken a mental inventory from the empty cases of what jewelry had been stolen, and it took him some time to collect all the pieces from the floor and from the persons of the thieves; but at last he got it all safely into his trousers' pockets, and gave the word to march.

The man who had been bowled over by the table was unconscious, and so him Tom packed on the shoulders of the more burly thief whom he had knocked down at the beginning of the skirmish, and with Clara's victim tenderly handling his throat they set out again across the park.

Most men would have paraded such a capture, but Tom was never theatrical. He rounded up his three thieves in a warm saddle-room under the charge of some of his own men, and gave instructions that they should be mended, fed, warmed, and handed over in due time to the police. Then he went to his own dressing-room, washed and put on fresh clothes, and presently, smart and spruce as ever, went downstairs to the dining-room and rejoined his guests, who had got as far as dessert.

"Well, have the thieves got away?"

"Oh, no. They're toasting their toes in the saddle-room."

"But you have not gained back my pretty toys?"

"Oh, yes, they're all there, and none the worse. Your maid's putting them back in their cases."

"You seem pretty well pleased with yourself," said Gahan to Tom at the end of that evening.

"Quite nicely, thanks."

"I've been talking to Mrs. Thompson a good deal."

"So I noticed."

"And she told me, in confidence, of course, of this French treaty that you were trying to work. Have you been successful?"

"Oh, yes. Madame la Going-to-be-Présidente promised it to me in return for her trumpery jewels. It's a queer world."

"It is. Your wife says you won't accept a baronetcy which I came down here to offer you. I suppose you're the only man in England who would refuse such a thing."

"Then I suppose the name of T. Thompson must become a synonym for greediness."

"You mean you are going to stick out for a peerage? It's a leetle early for that yet."

"Oh, I'm in no hurry. I don't want it before I'm forty. But I shall want it then, so the Government had better keep my record under its attention."

"I'll see that they do it," said Gahan, and that this promise was kept, the recent appearance of his name among the list of peers in the official record clearly attests.

But when that time came Tom flatly refused to accept all the congratulations. "I only did the plain part and the showy part; just made money, and built up a big business, and all that. Mary is the person who has really earned the title for us. But if you're congratulating me on my cleverness in bagging such a young woman for my partner, I'm quite with you there."

The Unknown Captains of Industry

Who They Are: What They Have Done: How They Did It

By PAUL LATZKE

ALEXANDRIA the beautiful, Queen City of Egypt, Gem of the Mediterranean, set by the master hand of the Great Alexander, lay prostrate with the plague. In the streets the shadows cast by the burning August sun hung black and heavy and forbidding. Beyond the shadows the glare was blinding. There the sun beat so fiercely that the ground shimmered and danced and pained the eyes. The houses were empty. For the most part windows were shuttered and doors barred. But here and there, even more desolate, the doors and windows gaped wide like the blank eyes of the unseeing dead.

So great was the desolation that no one would have dreamed that a living soul remained in the stricken town. But with nightfall came signs that all had not gone. Here and there a door opened or a shutter was flung back. A few men and women, rising superior to the fear of death, had remained bravely to nurse their loved ones if the plague would spare or to bury them if the end came. With most it was the end, and every night there was a small procession, winding across the Square Ibrahim out of which runs the Rue de la Colborn that leads to the Porte du Nil, the city gate, just beyond which lies the Arabian Cemetery. Here, almost in the shadow of Pompey's Pillar, that grim monument of the ancients, which still stands towering on an eminence beyond, loving hands made shallow beds for those who had left them. The task over, the living returned mournfully to the dead city to seek its dangerous shelter. Fearsome, yet blunted to fear, they flitted across the deserted streets and back to their homes. By midnight the last of them had found retreat.

The night mists rose out of the marshes beyond and, blown by the winds, settled over the town like a pall. Where they hung they made dim patches of light gray. But otherwise nothing was to be seen, for there were no street lamps, and the few shivering survivors who lay huddled within the walls were not minded to waste the few precious candles that remained to them. The silence lay like the mists, heavy and tense. There is no stillness like the stillness of a great city that is deserted. The stillness of the desert or the plain or the forest or the mountain is as nothing compared with it. The least sound here seems like thunder. In such an atmosphere it was startling, therefore, when suddenly from one of the side streets there came a sharp metallic whirr, followed by a steady click, click of brass. Simultaneously a dim light flashed upon the ground floor of one of the buildings, and out of the darkness there grew a picture that would have made a melodramatic stage setting.

On a field-bed in one corner of a large room a sick man lay tossing in fever and delirium. In another corner, where the light was strongest, a beardless, curly-haired boy was bending over a table. It was from under his hand that the sharp clicking came. He was manipulating a telegraph instrument. He was an Englishman who, a few months before, had entered the service of the Egyptian Government Telegraph Service. He was by all odds the most expert operator in the ranks, and because of this was stationed at the main office at Alexandria when the cholera epidemic swept down on the unfortunate city. One after the other the employees fled until none were left except this young Englishman, George Gray Ward, and a companion who had been his roommate.

Now, it happened that this became the most important telegraph station on the earth. The eyes of the entire world were focused on it. The mails were suspended and all human intercourse with this city which had sheltered over three hundred thousand people, and where lay some of the greatest treasures of Africa, was cut off from the rest of the world, except for the slender line of wire which could carry messages to the outer world, but was proof against contagion. Daily, young Ward and his associate sent out long bulletins, detailing the progress of the plague and keeping the anxious people outside advised as to the happenings at this spot which had so suddenly been cut off from them. This was a great service, but more important still, upon the maintenance of the telegraph station at Alexandria depended the telegraphic communication of Europe with India. The cable across the Mediterranean ran in here, and thence land lines to Cairo along the Suez led to the great Indian Empire of Great Britain. If this office were closed the home Government would be completely cut off from its Viceroy at Calcutta, except for the slow-going steamers of the Oriental lines.

"We'll stick it out here," Ward telegraphed to his chief at Cairo, "come what may."

That distinguished official applauded, as did the entire Egyptian Government staff, but they could do nothing more;

Editor's Note—The first article on this subject appeared in The Saturday Evening Post of May 10. Another will appear in an early number.

they could send no relief. Weeks passed and then Ward's associate was seized with cholera.

"You had better give up and come away," Cairo suggested when this news came over the wire.

"No, I'll see it out," Ward answered. And he did. Not only that but he faithfully nursed his companion. As the wire was never closed, as calls came at every hour in the twenty-four, as there was no relief from the vigil of the sick bed, he was on duty day and night. Now and then he would snatch a little sleep, but never more than an hour at a time. He lived on the brackish water that was alone available, and on the miserable scraps of food that he was able to obtain. His companion died and he buried him, but still he kept the line open. When it was all over, when the cholera finally died out because it had no more victims to feed on, when the Government officials and the people came back, Ward was proclaimed the hero of the hour. He was decorated for his services by Ismail Pasha, and advanced to a post of honor in the service. This was in 1865, and Mr. Ward was then twenty-one years old

MR. GEO. GRAY WARD

Thirty-seven years later he again received acclaim for his services, this time in the Imperial City of the New World instead of the Old. He occupied a seat of honor at the great dinner of the Captains of Industry tendered Prince Henry of Prussia at Sherry's in New York on February 26. He was there as the man who had done more for the development of ocean telegraphy than any other person alive to-day. He went into this branch of telegraphy in 1869, when the French Atlantic Cable Company sent him out on the Great Eastern as a member of the electrical staff which had in charge the task of laying its first cable. Later, he entered the employ of the Direct United States Cable Company, organizing its system in the United States as General Superintendent and Manager. It was in this position that he won for himself fame and reputation with the commercial world.

When he began it was considered quite a feat to send a cable from New York to London and receive an answer within forty minutes. He so perfected the service within a short time that the time was cut down to five minutes. The enormous importance of this to the commercial and financial interests and to the press can hardly be estimated. Not alone was there a saving of time which upon occasion might mean hundreds of thousands of dollars on one transaction, but the capacity of the cables for carrying business was so greatly increased that the rates could be cut without diminishing the earnings of the company.

He also introduced the system of registered cable addresses which each year means the saving of a fortune to persons who use the trans-Atlantic wires. When the Commercial Cable Company was formed he became its General Manager, and is to-day the Vice-President and directing head of that great concern. He became a citizen of the United States long ago, and is one of the representative Captains of Industry.

Sprague, the Inventor of the Trolley Car

Sitting not far from Mr. Ward at the Sherry dinner was another Captain who had become great in the electrical field —Francis J. Sprague. Who is Francis J. Sprague? most people will ask. Those who know will tell you that Mr. Sprague is a Captain of American Industry who at forty-five has done more, perhaps, for the comfort of the masses and the wealth of the country than any other single man. He it was who made the trolley car possible, and the trolley car has played a greater part in the economical development of America than has any other factor.

In the great metropolitan centre and the small country village alike it has changed life. It has added approximately a thousand million dollars to the value of real estate in the United States, and almost as much to the value of street railway properties. It has fairly quadrupled the number of men employed in the street railway business, and has furnished employment, directly and indirectly, to hundreds of thousands who are engaged in the industries on which electric cars depend: miners, machinists, electricians, etc. In New York City alone the number of employees on the street railways has grown from two thousand, the maximum number in the days of horse cars, to ten thousand. The receipts have grown from two million to twenty million. Approximately one hundred thousand trolley cars are in operation to-day in the United States as against twenty-two thousand horse cars before the change was made to electric traction. If the saving of time that has come from the introduction of trolley cars could be computed, the figures would run into sums so fabulous as to stagger the mind. And all this Francis J. Sprague wrought.

He was a graduate of Annapolis, entering that institution in 1874, at the age of seventeen, from Milford, Connecticut, his birthplace. From the first he had had a passion for electrical engineering and he devoted much of his spare time at the Naval Academy to mastering this science. In 1882 he resigned from the Navy in order to devote himself entirely to electrical experiments. He sought out Edison and remained with him for a year; then he branched out on his own account.

It was about this time that the question of electrical traction was being everywhere discussed. European as well as American engineers, fully alive to the possibilities that lay in this field, devoted their best energies to its solution, but their results were more than unsatisfactory. Occasional electric cars were to be seen here and there in the world, but no one had been able to devise a scheme that would make them commercially practicable. They were toys and objects of curiosity, nothing more. Young Sprague made up his mind that here was a thing for him to do. He built a rough motor, and with this as a basis formed the Sprague Electric Railway and Motor Company, on paper.

The next thing was to get a railway company that would give him a chance to try his motor. He fastened himself to street-car men whenever he could find them, but they all declined to take him seriously. But a little thing like that didn't discourage the young engineer, even remotely. He kept right on perfecting his machine, and keeping a sharp lookout for a confiding railway manager. One day he found him in the person of A. E. Burt, the manager of the principal car system in Richmond, Virginia. After an amount of talking that would have worn out most men, Mr. Sprague secured a contract to equip this line with forty electric cars, an electric station plant, poles, wires and everything else.

Then he hunted for capitalists. This was an experience even more trying than the hunt for a contract. From a strictly commercial standpoint, Mr. Sprague's proposition seemed about the most insane thing conceivable. All he had was some blue-prints of his machines and a lot of rough experimental parts. But he finally succeeded in forming a company of which E. H. Johnson was the President. This was in May, 1887.

The First Car to Climb Without Horses

In January of the following year the trial trip was made, and a new epoch in American history was begun. For a time it looked as if the epoch would be a disappointment. The trial car was not run out until nine o'clock at night. Mr. Sprague was the motorman. With him were S. Dana Greene, an electrical engineer, and Mr. Burt. The car moved out of the sheds in a wobbly sort of way, but once on the street it started out at a good pace, until it struck the middle of a sharp curve, and there it stuck. The inventor pushed the motor handle this way and that, the others lending aid and sympathy and some counsel. They jumped up and down on the platform, they got off and pushed, but all in vain.

"I guess we are stuck for keeps," finally suggested Mr Burt sadly. Mr. Greene echoed the sentiment, but Mr. Sprague was still undaunted.

"I'll get out of this curve," he said, gritting his teeth, "if I wreck the whole machine."

With that he jammed the handle until the motor sang. To the amazement of Burt and Greene, the car gave a forward jerk, and in a second it had cleared the curve and was speeding up the line beyond.

The news of the proposed trial trip had somehow leaked out in the city, and despite the lateness of the hour a great crowd had gathered. When the halt came their numbers were steadily augmented, until fully three thousand people surrounded the stalled car. First they were merely interested, then they became derisive, and jeered the pioneers aboard. When the fresh start was made it came with such unexpected suddenness that a number of the people who had gathered on the track ahead were almost bowled over, but these with the others soon recovered their wits, and the whole procession ran a mad race after the flying vehicle. A half-mile beyond the curve there was a steep hill. At the foot of this Mr. Sprague threw the handle over and brought the car to a standstill. He gazed dubiously at the ascent and then turning to the General Manager he said.

MR. F. J. SPRAGUE

"Burt, we won't make it."

"Make it!" exclaimed Burt, whose enthusiasm had been fired again by the recent burst of speed. "Certainly you will make it! Any machine that can get out of a curve such as we have just passed can climb up the side of a wall Let her go"

And go she did, the first self propelled car to climb a hill. There were other curves and other hills, but all of them were mastered, until finally the car reached the highest point on the line, situated in the heart of the city. Here the inventor brought his machine to a standstill. Mr. Burt and Mr. Greene were triumphant, but Mr. Sprague had a sinking of the heart.

"I knew," he said in relating the incident, "that everything underneath the car must be fairly sizzling with heat, generated by the constant flow of electricity. I hoped that it might cool down if we waited long enough, but was in some doubt."

They had not been standing long when the enthusiastic crowd caught up with them again, this time to Mr. Sprague's intense relief. He knew that they would want to inspect this new marvel of engineering, and that would give him a breathing spell and his machine an opportunity to cool. He waited as long as he could, welcoming all comers with open arms. But after a while a start had to be made again, and he turned the lever. Instantly he saw that his worst fears were realized. There was a buzzing and a grinding, but the car did not budge. The intense heat had burned out the armature. By prodding and pushing, the car was worked along in jerks for another block, but there it stopped hopelessly.

The mob swarmed all over it, and Mr. Sprague was in a dilemma. To confess failure here might imperil the success of the entire undertaking, so in a loud aside he told Mr Greene he had better go back and get the "instruments," as there was probably some slight trouble with the circuit Then the inventor turned out the lights and stretched himself out on a car-seat, hoping the crowd would melt away. It was an hour before Greene returned, bringing the "instruments" with him—these latter being four of the most powerful mules in the city of Richmond; the "instruments" dragged the car back to the shed. But the main point had been settled. It had been demonstrated that a self-propelled car could round the sharpest curve and climb the steepest hill. The rest was only a matter of detail. By May 4 the entire road was operated by electricity, and the retirement of the horse cars throughout the world had begun.

"Electricity is the main factor in the extraordinary industrial development that has come upon America." This statement, made recently at a meeting of electrical engineers, had a startling exemplification at the dinner of the Captains. Fully one-third of these men represented electrical development in fields which they had in a measure created. Many of them, like Edison and Tesla, have figured so much in print that the whole world knows their story. There are a large number of others, however, like Mr Sprague, who, while they have accomplished as great things as have their more famous fellows, remained unknown. In this class also were Charles Francis Brush, Elihu Thompson, Francis B. Crocker, Edward Weston and Charles Proteus Steinmetz. The story of their achievements reads like romance.

The Career of the Father of the Arc Lamp

On Euclid Avenue, in Cleveland, for a long time known as the most beautiful street in the world, there stands a great house which is pointed out to strangers as the home of "Brush, father of the arc lamp." This house is fitted with the most wonderful electrical appliances. There are over four hundred incandescent lamps, a number of arc lamps, electric door openers, electric heaters, electric stoves, and everything else electric. Back of the house is to be seen the largest windmill in the world. Its sails furnish the power that generates the current for all these appliances.

MR. CHAS. F. BRUSH

In the early fifties the owner of this mansion was a farmer's little boy. His father's place was not far out of Cleveland, almost within sight of the great house which Mr. Brush now occupies. Here in a big barn the boy laid the foundation for the work which afterward made him famous. Even before he could read he was experimenting with electricity and chemistry. To the amazement of his parents and the neighbors, he constructed apparatus that produced what seemed to the uninitiated to be the most remarkable phenomena. His workshop in the barn soon came to be a museum to which the neighbors' children flocked. At thirteen he was sent to Shaw Academy at Collamer, Ohio. His baggage was made up chiefly of electro-magnets, batteries and electrical machines, all of his own construction. He set up a machine in his bedroom, and there, after the other boys had gone to bed, the sparks were flying far into the night. He went to the Cleveland High School later, and one evening his attention was attracted by a lamplighter who was rushing like mad over his route in the dusk of the early evening. It struck the boy, who was then only eighteen, that here was a sad waste of energy.

Brush and His First Invention

"Instead," he said to a friend, "of chasing boys all over town with ladders and matches to light those lamps, they ought to light them by electricity."

"How could they do that?"

"I'll show you."

Within a month the young fellow had invented a method by which the thing could be done. The gas could be turned on and lighted and turned off again simply by touching a button. There was not a great market for this invention, but it was rapidly followed by others for which there was a market. The greatest of these, the arc lamp, came in the Centennial year. There had been other arc lights before this, but none of them were practical. Mr. Brush's created a sensation. One of these lights was carried on the road by Barnum's Circus and everywhere drew multitudes. The following year the manufacture of these lamps on a commercial basis was begun, and there commenced a new era in street lighting which has done away with oil and gas lamps even in small towns

CONJUROR'S HOUSE—A Romance of the Free Forest—By Stewart Edward White

Author of The Blazed Trail, Etc.

CHAPTER XIV

GALEN ALBRET had chosen to interrogate his recaptured prisoner alone. He sat again in the armchair of the council room. The place was flooded with sunlight. It touched the high lights of the time-darkened rough furniture, it picked out the brasses, it glorified the whitewashed walls. In its uncompromising illumination Me-en gan, the bowsman, standing straight and tall and silent by the door, studied his master's face and knew him to be deeply angered

For Galen Albret was at this moment called upon to deal with a problem more subtle than any with which his policy had been puzzled in thirty years. It was bad enough that in repeated defiance of his authority this stranger should persist in his attempt to break the Company's monopoly; it was bad enough that he had when captured borne himself with so impudent an air of assurance; it was bad enough that he should have made open love to the Factor's daughter, should have laughed scornfully in the Factor's very face. But now the case had become grave. In some mysterious manner he had succeeded in corrupting one of the Company's servants. This was an act of treachery

ME EN GAN . . . STANDING STRAIGHT . . . AND SILENT BY THE DOOR

Some facts Galen Albret had well in hand. Others eluded him persistently He had, of course, known promptly enough of the disappearance of a canoe, and had thereupon dispatched his Indians to the recapture. Two figures had been seen in the act of leaving camp, one by the river, the other by the Woods Trail. But here the Factor's investigations received a check. The rifle brought in by his Indians, to his bewilderment, he recognized not at all. His repeated cross-examinations, when they touched on the question of Ned Trent's companion, got no further than the Cree wooden stolidity. No, they had seen no one, neither presence, sign nor trail. But Galen Albret, versed in the psychology of his savage allies, knew they lied. He suspected them of clan loyalty to one of their own number, and yet they had never failed him before. Now, his revolver at his right hand, he interviewed Ned Trent alone, except for the Indian by the portal

As with the Indians, his cross-examination had borne scant results. The best of his questions but involved him in a maze of baffling surmises. Gradually his anger had mounted until now Me-en-gan, his bowsman, knew from the waxlike appearance of the more prominent places on his deeply carved countenance that he had nearly reached the point of outbreak.

Swiftly, like the clink of rapiers, the questions and answers had broken across the still room.

"You had aid," the Factor asserted positively.

"You think so?"

'My Indians say you were alone. But where did you get this rifle?"

"I stole it."

"You were alone?"

Ned Trent paused for a barely appreciable instant. It was not possible that the Indians had failed to establish the girl's presence, and he feared a trap. Then he caught the expressive eye of Me-en-gan at the door. Evidently Virginia had friends.

"I was alone," he repeated confidently.

"That is a lie. For two people were observed to leave the Post immediately before I sent out to your capture. One rounded the island in a canoe; the other took the Woods Trail. Who was that second person?"

'Do you think I will tell you?"

"I think I'll find means to make you tell me!" burst out the Factor

Ned Trent was silent

"If you'll tell me the name of that man I'll let you go free—I'll give you a permit to trade in this country. It touches my authority, my discipline. The affair becomes a precedent It is vital."

Ned Trent fixed his eyes on the Bay and hummed a little air, half-turning his shoulder to the older man

The latter's face blazed with suppressed fury. Twice his hand rested almost convulsively on the butt of his heavy revolver

"Ned Trent," he cried harshly at last; "pay attention to me! I've had enough of this! I swear if you do not tell me within five minutes what I want to know I'll hang you to-day."

The young man spun on his heel.

"Hanging!" he cried. "You cannot mean that!"

"I mean just that"

The Free Trader measured his opponent up and down, saw that his purpose was sincere, and turned slowly pale under the bronze of his out-of door tan. Hanging is always a dreadful death; but in the far North it carries an extra sting of ignominy with it, inasmuch as it is resorted to only with the basest malefactors. Shooting is the usual form of execution for all but the despicable crimes. He turned away with a little gesture.

"Well!" cried Albret

Ned Trent locked his lips in a purposeful straight line of silence. To such an outrage there could be nothing to say The Factor jerked his watch to the table.

"I said five minutes," he repeated. "I mean it."

The young man leaned against the side of the window, his arms folded, his back to the room. Outside, the varied life of the Post went forward under his eyes. He even noted with a surface interest the fact that across the river a loon was floating, and remarked that never before had he seen one of these birds so far north. Galen Albret struck the table with the flat of his hand

"Done!" he cried. "This is the last chance I shall give you. Speak at this instant, or accept the consequences!"

Ned Trent turned sharply, as though breaking a thread that bound him to the distant prospect beyond the window. For an instant he stared enigmatically at his opponent. Then, in the sweetest tones

"Oh, go to the devil!" said he, and began to walk deliberately toward the older man.

There lay between the window and the head of the table perhaps a dozen ordinary steps, for the room was large. The young man took them slowly, his eyes fixed with burning intensity on the seated figure, the muscles of his locomotion contracting and relaxing with the smooth, stealthy continuity of a cat. Galen Albret again laid hand on his revolver.

"Come no nearer," he commanded

Me-en gan left the door and glided along the wall. But the table intervened between him and the Free Trader.

The latter paid no attention to the Factor's command Galen Albret suddenly raised his weapon from the table.

"Stop or I'll fire!" he cried sharply.

"I mean just that," muttered Ned Trent between his teeth

But ten feet separated the two men. Albret leveled the revolver. Ned Trent, watchful, prepared to spring. Me-en gan, near the foot of the table, gathered himself for attack

Then suddenly the Free Trader relaxed his muscles, straightened his back, and returned deliberately to the window. Facing about in astonishment to discover the reason for this sudden change of decision, the other two men looked into the face of Virginia Albret in the doorway of the other room.

"Father!" she cried reproachfully.

"You must go back," said Ned Trent, speaking clearly and collectedly in the hope of thus imposing his will on her obvious excitement. "This is not an affair in which you should interfere. Galen Albret, send her away."

The Factor had turned squarely in his chair to regard the girl, a frown on his brows.

"Virginia," he commanded, "leave the room. You have nothing to do with this case."

Virginia stepped bravely beyond the portals, and stopped. Her fingers were nervously interlocked, her lips trembled, in her cheeks the color came and went, but her eyes sought her father's unfalteringly.

"I have more to do with it than you think," she replied

Instantly Ned Trent was at the table.

"I really think this has gone far enough," said he. "We have had our interview and come to a decision. Miss Albret must not be permitted to exaggerate a slight sentimental pity into an interest in my affairs. If she knew that such a demonstration only made it worse for me I am sure she would say no more." He looked at her appealingly across the Factor's shoulder.

Me-en-gan was already holding open the door. "You come," he smiled beseechingly.

But the Factor's suspicions were aroused

"There is something in this," he decided. "I think you may stay."

"You are right," broke in the young man desperately. "There is something in it. Miss Albret happens to know who gave me the rifle, and she was about to inform you of his identity. There is no need of subjecting her to that distasteful experience. I am now ready to confess to you. I beg you will ask her to leave the room"

Galen Albret, in the stress of these warring intentions, had sunk into his customary impassive calm. The light had died from his eyes, the expression from his face, the energy from his body. He sat, an inert mass, void of initiative, his intelligence open to what might be brought to his notice.

"Virginia, is this true?" his heavy voice mumbled through his beard. "You know who aided this man?"

Ned Trent mutely appealed to her; her proud glance answered his.

"Yes, father," she replied.

"Who?"

"I did"

A dead silence fell on the room. Galen Albret's expression and attitude did not change. Through dull, lifeless eyes, from behind the heavy mask of his waxen face and white beard, he looked steadily out upon nothing. Along either arm of the chair stretched his own arms, limp and heavy with inertia In suspense the other three inmates of the place watched him, looking for some change. It did not come. Finally his lips moved

"You?" he muttered questioningly.

"I," she repeated

Another silence fell

"Why?" he asked at last.

"Because it was an unjust thing. Because we could not think of taking a life that way, without a fault."

"Why?" he persisted, taking no account of her reply

Virginia let her gaze slowly rest on her lover, and her eyes filled with a world of tenderness and trust

"Because I love him," said she softly.

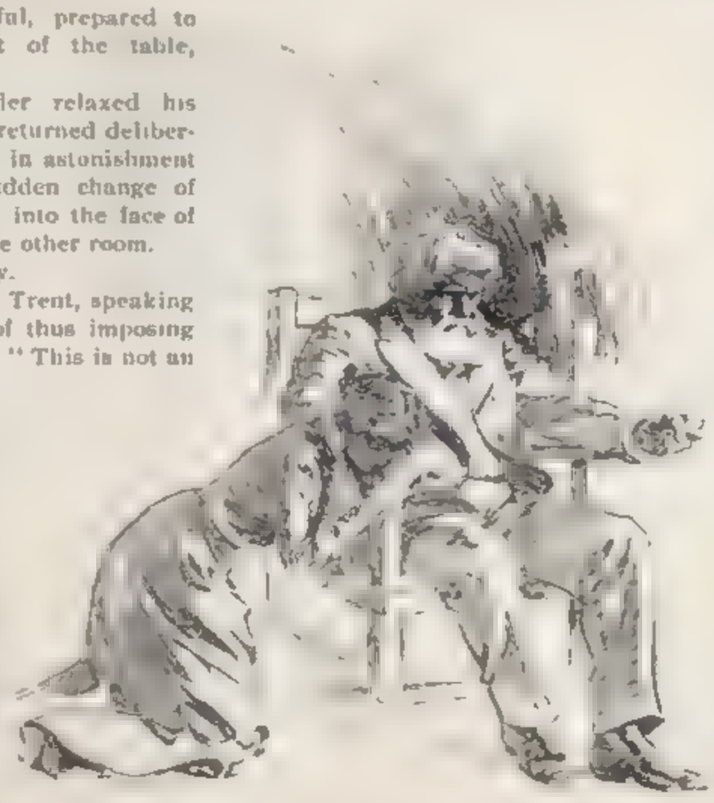
CHAPTER XV

AFTER an instant Galen Albret turned slowly his massive head and looked at her. He made no other movement, yet she staggered back as though she had received a violent blow on the chest

"Father!" she gasped.

Still slowly, gropingly, he arose to his feet, holding tight to the edge of the table. Behind him, unheeded, the rough-built armchair crashed to the floor. He stood there upright and motionless, looking straight before him, his face horrible to behold, and spoke. At first his speech was disjointed. The words came in widely punctuated gasps. Then, as the flood of his emotion rolled back from the poise into which the first shock of anger had thrown him, it escaped through his lips in a constantly increasing stream of bitter words.

"You—you—love him!" he cried. "You—my daughter! You have been—a traitor—to me! You have dared—dared—to deny that which my whole life has affirmed! My own flesh and blood—when I thought the meanest *métis* of them all more loyal! You love this man—this man who has insulted me, mocked me! You have taken his



SHE HELD HIS HAND TO HER CHEEK AND STROKED IT

Editor's Note—This story was begun in The Saturday Evening Post of April 19.

part against me! You have deliberately placed yourself in the class of those I would hang for such an offense! If you were not my daughter I would hang you!" He laughed aloud "Hang my own child!" Suddenly his rage flared. "You little fool! Do you dare place your judgment against mine? Do you dare interfere where I think best? Do you dare deny my will? By the Eternal, I'll show you, old as you are, that you have still a father! Get to your room! Out of my sight!" He took two steps forward. His eye fell on Ned Trent. He uttered a scream of rage, and reached for the pistol Fortunately the abruptness of his movements had brushed it to the floor, so now in the blindness of a red anger he could not see it. He shrieked out an epithet, and leaped forward, his arm upraised to strike.

All three of those present had before seen Galen Albret possessed by his noted fits of anger, so striking in contrast to his ordinary contained passivity. But always, though evidently in a white heat of rage and given over to violent action and decision, he had retained the clearest command of his faculties, issuing coherent and dreaded orders to those about him. Now he had become a raging wild beast. And for the spectators the sight had all the horror of the unprecedented

But the younger man, too, had gradually heated to the point where his ordinary careless indifference gave off sparks. The interview had been irritating, the threats real and unjust, the turn of affairs when Virginia Albret entered the room most exasperating on the side of the undesirable and unforeseen. In foiled escape, in thwarted expedient his emotions had been many times excited, and then eddied back on themselves. The potentialities of as blind an anger as that of Galen Albret were in him It needed only a touch to loose the flood. The physical contact of an adversary supplied that touch As the two men faced each other, wrist locked, both were ripe for the extreme of recklessness

But while Galen Albret looked to nothing less than murder, the Free Trader's temperament inclined him to the satisfaction of a dead defiance and resistance to will While Galen Albret's countenance reflected the extreme of passion, Trent was as smiling and cool and debonair as though he had at that moment received from the older man an extraordinary and particular favor. Only his eyes shot baleful blue flame, and his words, calmly enough delivered, showed the extent to which his passion had cast policy to the winds

The struggle, such as it was, lasted but a second. Powerful as Galen Albret's heavy muscles were, those of the Free Trader were younger. Slowly he bent the Factor's arm back and up until with a groan the latter sank into a chair at the side of the table. Me-en-gan had possessed himself of the fallen pistol, but, beyond keeping a generally wary eye out for dangerous developments, did not offer to interfere Your Indian is in such employment a disciplinarian, and he had received no orders.

"Now," said Ned Trent acidly, "I think this will stop right here. You do not cut a very good figure, my dear sir." He laughed a little. "You haven't cut a very good figure from the beginning, you know You forbade me to do various things, and I have done them all I traded with your Indians. I came and went in your country. Do you think I have not been here often before I was caught? And you forbade me to see your daughter again. I saw her that very evening, and the next morning, and the next evening."

He poised, still bending Galen Albret's forearm painfully back and up, looking steadily and angrily into the Factor's eyes, driving each word home with the weight of his contained passion. The girl touched his arm.

"Hush, oh, hush!" she cried in a panic "Do not anger him further"

"When you forbade me to make love to her," he continued unheeding, "I laughed at you." With a sudden swift motion of his left arm he drew her to him and touched her forehead with his lips. "Look! Your commands have been rather ridiculous, sir! I seem to have had the upper hand of you from first to last. Incidentally you have my life. Oh, welcome! That is small pay and little satisfaction"

He threw the Factor from him with his first violent gesture of their interview, and stepped back

Galen Albret sat still, without attempting to renew the struggle. The enforced few moments of inaction had restored to him his self-control. He was still deeply angered, but the insanity of rage had left him. Outwardly he was himself again. Only a rapid heaving of the chest answered Ned Trent's quick breathing as the two men glared defiantly at each other in the pause that followed

"Very well, sir," said the Factor curtly at last. "Your time is over. I find it unnecessary to hang you. You will start on *La Longue Traverse* to-day"

"Oh!" cried Virginia in a low voice of distress, and fluttered to her lover's side

"Hush, hush," he soothed her. "The case is not absolutely hopeless. There is always a chance."

"You think so?" broke in Galen Albret harshly.

And looking at his set face they saw that there was no chance. The Free Trader shrugged his shoulders

"You are going to do this thing, father?" remonstrated Virginia. "After what I have told you?"

"My resolution is made."

"I shall not survive him, father," she threatened in a low voice. Then, as the Factor did not respond: "Do not misunderstand me. I do not intend to survive him."

"Silence, silence, silence!" cried Galen Albret in a sudden outburst. "Silence! You will drive me mad! I will not be gainsaid! You have made your choice. You are no longer a daughter of mine"

"Father!" cried Virginia faintly, her lips going pale.

"And I swear, if I hear another word from either of you, I'll hang him. Hear me? I'll hang him from the crosstree of the flag mast."

The girl hesitated for a moment, then ran to him, sinking on her knees and clasping his hand

"Father," she pleaded; "you are not yourself. This has been very trying to you. To-morrow you will be sorry. But then it will be too late. Think, while there is yet time. This young man has not committed a crime. You yourself told me he was a man of intelligence and daring—a gentleman. And surely, though he has been hasty, he has acted with a brave spirit throughout it all. See, he will promise you to go away quietly, to say nothing of all this, never to come into this country again without your permission. He will do this if I ask him, for he loves me very dearly. Look at me, father Are you going to treat your little girl so—your Virginia? You have never refused me anything before. And this is the greatest thing in all my life." She held his hand to her cheek and stroked it, murmuring little feminine caressing phrases secure in her power of witchery which had never failed her before. The sound of her own voice reassured her, the quietude of the man she pleaded with. A lifetime of petting, of indulgence, threw its soothing influence over her perturbation, convincing her somehow that all this storm and stress must be phantasmagoric—a dream from which she was even now awakening into a clearer day of happiness. "For you love me, father," she concluded, and looked up daintily, with a pathetic, coquettish tilt of her fair head, to peer into his stern face

Instantly she had recoiled to her feet and the shelter of her lover's arms, wide-eyed at what she saw.

For though Galen Albret had attained a certain calm of control, as is often the case with passionate but strong temperaments, the turmoil of his deeper anger had not been in the least stilled. Over it a crust of determination had formed—the determination to make an end, by the directest means in his autocratic power, of this galling opposition. The girl's pleading, instead of appealing to him, had in reality stirred him the more profoundly It had added a new fuel element to the fire. Heretofore his consciousness had felt merely the thwarting of his pride, his authority, his right to loyalty. Now his daughter's entreaty brought home to him the bitter realization that he had been attacked on another side—that of his family affection. This man had killed for him also his only child. For the child had renounced him, had thrust him outside herself into the lonely and ruined temple of his pride. At the thought his face twisted with emotion, then hardened to cold fury

"Love you!" he cried. "Love you! An unnatural child! An ingrate! One who turns from me so lightly!" He laughed bitterly, eying her with a chilling scrutiny. "You dare recall my love for you!" Suddenly he stood upright, leveling a heavy, trembling hand at her. "You think an appeal to my love will save him! Fool!"

Virginia's breath caught in her throat She straightened, clutched at the neckband of her gown. Then her head fell slowly forward. She had fainted in her lover's arms

They stood exactly so for an appreciable interval, bewildered by the suddenness of the catastrophe—Galen Albret's hand outstretched in denunciation; the girl, like a broken lily, supported in the young man's arms; he returning the Factor's look with one of defiant contempt; the silent Me-en-gan, straight and sorrowful, again at the door

Then the old man's arm dropped slowly. His gaze wavered. The lines of his face relaxed. Twice he made an effort to turn away. All at once his stubborn spirit broke; he uttered a cry, and sprang forward to snatch the unconscious form hungrily into his bear clasp, searching the girl's face, muttering incoherent things.

"Quick!" he cried aloud, the guttural sounds jostling one another in his throat "Seek Wishkobun, quick!"

Ned Trent looked at him with steady scorn, his arms folded.

"Ah!" the younger man dropped distinctly in deliberate monosyllables across the surcharged atmosphere of the scene. "So it seems you have found your heart, my friend!"

Galen Albret glared wildly at him over the girl's fair head. "She is my daughter," he mumbled

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SEARCHING THE GIRL'S FACE, MUTTERING INCOHERENT THINGS

The Death Valley Dinner

DEATH VALLEY, in the deserts of the Great Basin, is named for the great number of lives lost in the attempt to cross it

The best-known disaster connected with this desert overtook an expedition, consisting of more than a hundred men, one woman and three children, which started for California in 1849. On Christmas Day they found themselves in Death Valley. Meanwhile they had been obliged to abandon their wagons, and with the utmost difficulty they succeeded in traversing the waste and the deserts beyond, reaching, on February 4, human habitations in Soledad Pass

To this day current rumor has it that all of them perished in Death Valley, but the fact is that only four of them died. Twelve of them are still living, and every year, on February 4, they gather together for a dinner.

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

The Saturday Evening Post is the oldest journal in America, having appeared regularly every week for the past 174 years, except for the short period when Philadelphia was in the hands of the British Army. The magazine was founded in 1728 and was edited and published by Benjamin Franklin, in whose day it was known as The Pennsylvania Gazette. In 1765 the publication passed into other hands, but its name continued until 1821 when it was changed to The Saturday Evening Post. The magazine was purchased in 1897 by The Curtis Publishing Company.

¶Those people who are looking for perfection in this world should avoid mirrors

¶Sweet are the uses of adversity—and Cuba knows it because most of her troubles are sugar.

¶The Don't Worry Clubs always suspend until their members have found summer boarding-places.

¶Some men are like an accommodation train. By the time they get up their speed they begin to slow down for a way station.

¶With Congress adding three white stars to our flag and Mr. Morgan adding the White Star to our merchant marine, the expansionists still seem to have the best of it.

¶Hayti has had another revolution, and it will hold until another one catches up with it. Life in that island is so strenuous that no politician ever knows whether or not he will get his first week's salary.

¶Mrs. Hetty Green, who, if she believes as Carnegie that to die rich is to die disgraced, bears up bravely and makes no sign, is to go heeled after this. She has been granted a permit to carry a gun that she may defend herself against lawyers. Is her aim as good as her intention?

¶With the continued reiteration of what a fine nation we are, both by others and ourselves, one begins to wonder how long it will be before we attain the complacence which is the sure forerunner of degeneration. At present there is nothing exactly complacent about our attitude toward ourselves or others; the word connotes fat, phlegm and fatuity. We are still too actively, jubilantly pleased with the discovery of ourselves for that. Being lean and young, and looking forward expectantly for greater things, there is still some time ahead of us. And a little adolescent boastfulness will do no harm, so long as it is wholesomely blatant.

¶And now a London publisher announces that he has in his possession the manuscript of a novel by John Milton, whose Paradise Lost was one of the best-selling books of the day and has gone into editions enough to furnish some very imposing figures for advertising purposes. Probably the story deals with the period in which Milton lived, and has been held back by successive generations of shrewd publishers for the psychic moment when it could be sprung as an historical novel. Its publication will serve one useful purpose, at least, for we shall learn from it whether people really used to say "S'death!" when they were annoyed.

¶Bret Harte is dead, but, so long as men are weak and brave and generous, Jack Hamlin, John Oakhurst and Colonel Starbottle will live. Mr. Harte began his literary work before Missouri belles in rented Elizabethan finery and grocery drummers in stovepipe armor, began to make believe in the novel of guff and puff. And to the end his Missouri girls wore calico and talked Missouri; and his discriminating editors, teachers and gamblers made love to them in American as she was spoken on the Coast. They were such stuff as men and women, and not the "best-selling books of the month," are made of. Fashions, fads and figures in books pass and are forgotten, but real men and women, whether in life or in literature, have immortal souls.

It's the doctors, not the patients, who are writing testimonials for the water cure.

Amicus the Anonymous

LIKE every other periodical, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST receives a great many letters from its readers. Some praise, some blame, some damn. We are glad to receive these letters, because on the whole their writers are just, praising when we have done well, blaming when we have done ill, and damning when we have told the truth.

These last letters are usually from Amicus the Anonymous. We heard from him last week. Sundry high-smelling substantives, qualified by various high-colored adjectives, were used by him as synonyms for us individually and collectively, and for people in general who won't swallow the Boer war, feet and feathers, and look pleasant.

Amicus forgot to send his address, and we shouldn't bother with him if he had, except to see him safely to the waste-basket. But to some of our good friends, who write as though they feel that we have been using the Boer war as a stick with which to get an extra leverage on the Lion's tail, that we might indulge ourselves in the time-honored pastime of twisting it, we wish to say a word.

Frankly, we do not believe that steel pellets are the best digestive tablets for South Africans who have not been able benevolently to assimilate the English, or that the water cure is the best sedative for the restless Filipino. England and America, whether right or wrong at the start, have both, we are afraid, bungled at the finish. And when a big man goes up against a small one, it is human nature to feel a certain sympathy for the light-weight, even if he is a mean and aggravating little cuss who won't fight fair. We don't like to see the big fellow meet him with his own methods.

We should be glad to know what more of our readers think about the Philippine-South African situation, if they can tell us in about a hundred words, so that we may print a number of their letters

Hitch your wagon to a star, but don't harness up a comet by mistake.

Millions for an Hour

NEW YORK and Chicago are now several hours closer. A train which will reduce the running time materially has just been announced by the Pennsylvania Railroad. The few hours saved have cost the Company many million dollars. The money, of course, has gone into changes and improvements along the line. New York and Philadelphia are still two hours apart, but soon they will be nearer. Doubtless another ten or twenty years will bring them within an hour of each other and put the New Yorker within a night's ride of Chicago.

For every hour gained more millions will be spent. Grade crossings must be abolished, gradients leveled, curves straightened and the whole right of way securely fenced. Perhaps even the motive power must be changed and the present equipment sent to the scrap heap; for though electricity has been slow to overtake steam, in the end it will pass it, and the end is not far off. When it is practical and preferable as a motive power it will be adopted—for short distances first, then for long ones—regardless of expense.

American railroads make money by spending money prodigally for economies of time and operating expenses. A thousand dollars put where it will save fifty cents a day in coal or attract an extra dollar a day of revenue is a pretty wise investment, even if the old way is a fairly profitable way. Good enough, in railroading or in anything else, is never half so good as it should be.

High living and plain thinking is the note of the day.

The YanKee Bourbons

WHEN a boy wants to lift a cat it seems the natural and obvious thing to grasp her tail. Most children mistake it for a handle—once. Then they approach the cat cautiously and learn that the way to pick her up without getting scratched is to seize her by the scruff of the neck

For twenty years now we have been picking up the trusts by their slippery tails, and all our scars and scratches have not taught us the right way. We have hauled them into court on laws that did not touch them, before judges that could not convict them. Conventions have exhausted the language of promise, orators of denunciation, and the net result has been nothing. The problem has grown, the effort to meet it has shrunk; for one Congress, at least, was found to enact the Sherman Law.

We discriminate now between good trusts and bad trusts—that is all, and we are not absolutely sure that there is any such thing as a good trust. But granting that there is, it is good simply because it wants to be, or because it believes that goodness pays in the long run—not because it is compulsory. And the bad trust is bad simply because there is no sufficient reason on the statute books why it should not be, and because it has some grounds for belief that "the long run" in America means forever.

Has Congress learned nothing in the twenty years that it has done nothing except to enact a moribund law? The people have a pretty clear idea of the way in which the trusts have been built up. Tariff and the Railroad are the twin breasts which have suckled them. In the cause lies the germ of the remedy. Can the people make their representatives turn promise into performance; windy theories into practical laws; and pick up the bad trusts by the scruff of the neck and throw them out of the house?

Roosevelt brings ability and willingness to meet the situation, but he is fighting cats with canaries. If he fail with the Sherman Law, will Congress back him up with one that will work?

Democrats and Republicans alike bristle and growl and bark at the sight of a trust. Will they bite?

Accept no substitutes for work. There is none "just as good."

Enter the Wicked Fairy

NEVER did life dramatize and put upon the world-stage a more fascinating fairy tale than the Romance of Little Wilhelmina, Favorite of the Fairies. All civilization has been watching it unfold with the keenest interest. And all are now profoundly shocked at the machinations of the "Wicked Fairy."

The world-audience should not let its tears and sighs divert it from the lesson of the drama—a warning to fathers and mothers, and daughters as well, whether they are seated in state in the boxes, or in comfort and self-complacence in the stalls, or are huddled and hanging in the galleries. It is an old, old lesson, a plain, simple lesson; but not often has it been so impressively given, and never before was it more needed—in our own country as well as in caste-bound Europe.

The young heroine of this fairy play was born twenty-one years ago to the only royal house in Europe that can justly claim the praise of mankind. She was born to be queen of the most splendid people of Europe, the Swiss perhaps excepted, if splendor for nations is the same in kind as splendor for private persons. She had health and riches, a quick mind and a happy disposition, a personality of magnetic charm, capable of attracting and enjoying the love she longed for. And she was a queen. Whenever did the fairies so exert themselves as for this pretty, loving, happy girl, looking forward upon life with eyes aglow and a high-beating heart, the delight and envy of romantic young people everywhere?

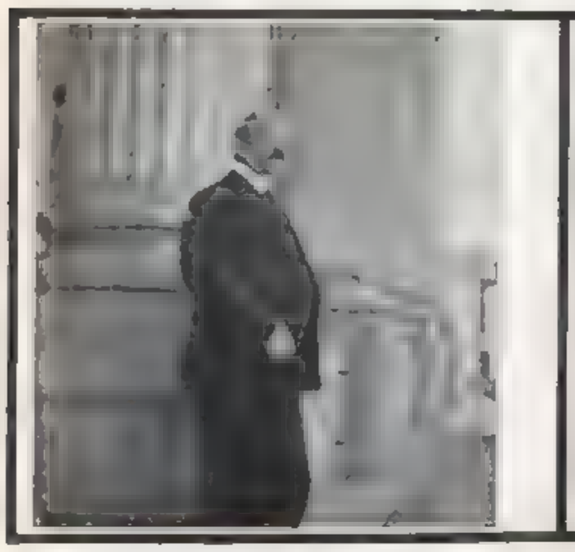
It came time for the fairies to crown their wonder-work and provide a lover who should realize the dreams of their favorite and end the beautiful drama-romance fittingly. But then entered the Wicked Fairy, the wickedest that has dominion over heartaches. She, with the aid of the mother and the ministers of the girl-queen and queen-girl, proceeded to provide the lover. He was the least ineligible of the only men who were permitted to approach young Wilhelmina as suitors for her hand.

And now—what matters it that she was queen, was rich, was strong and well and fair? Could she excite a spark of envy in the bosom of the poorest peasant girl of the loneliest, barest island of the Zuyder Zee, helping her stalwart lover to mend his nets as they both await the happiness that is only for men who dare to be men and women who dare to be women?

A mournful ending to the fairy drama. It is the fashion in life as well as in literature and the newspapers to exaggerate the quality of the sorrows, as well as of the joys, of what the Germans call "high folks"—as if tears shed in a palace were hotter and saltier than the tears that fall in cottages upon the corpses of love and hope. We need yield nothing to this snob-sentimentalism to see in this most conspicuous case the value of the warning against a certain wicked fairy whose name of names, whether she is toiling to undo the high or the humble, is Vanity.

The man who has youth in his heart is worth more to himself and to the world than is the millionaire who has only a lot of money in the bank.

A WOMAN'S WASHINGTON



DELEGATE MARCUS A. SMITH OF ARIZONA

REPRESENTATIVE CUSHMAN

REPRESENTATIVE CLAYTON

SENATOR McMILLAN

I WAS grumbling to Robert and Senator P—— about the spring lassitude, so noticeable in Washington

"Most people," smiled Senator P——, "treat spring fever with pills, when in reality it is only an old, inherited awakening in us from our cave-dwelling ancestors. This spring-fever, as you call it, Mrs. Slocum, has made its appearance in the Senate Chamber already, and Frye and Proctor have the two worst cases of it, so far, though perhaps Mitchell, of Oregon, is a close third."

I looked at the Senator for explanation. He answered my inquiry

"Why, they want to go fishing. You see, the bass have come in the rivers up in Maine and Vermont and they want to tackle a line and rod. As for Mitchell, some one caught him penning a verse to the Oregon fish. It ran:

"'If you're anxious for to dine
On a fish that's very fine
You will choose the rosy salmon
From the State of Oregon——

He could not get any further, for there was nothing to rhyme with Oregon."

We smiled, and Robert said feelingly

"I certainly agree with Tom Benton, who said when he was in the Senate years ago that Washington had no climate at all, but plenty of weather. He maintained that we never had any spring here; it was always either winter or summer, with no go-betweens, and that he always made it a point in all seasons to go equipped with a fan, an umbrella and an overcoat." And Robert mopped his brow as he concluded

"Oh, well, in Benton's day," said Senator P——, "Washington was not what it is now. There were no trees practically, to shade the wayfarer. You know that it took Thomas Jefferson three years during his Administration to get Congress to plant a row of Lombardy poplars on Pennsylvania Avenue to protect the unaccustomed legislators from sunstroke

"Ah!" said I, "those must have been old-fogy Presidents It has taken this President but six months to convince Congress of certain White House needs, as great as that for the poplars in Jefferson's time. I do not know what witchcraft he has used, but you legislators are going to give from forty to seventy thousand dollars to renovate the mansion and to make new offices for the executive staff. It will be the first time that anything will have been done since Arthur's time. Why, Mrs. Roosevelt says there's scarcely any decent china in the whole house, none, to any extent, having been purchased since the famous Theodore Davis set in the time of Mrs. Hayes, and she says that on the occasion of any big state dinner, such as to the Prince, there is actually not enough to go around, that the plates and glasses are the conglomerate remains of stuff that go back beyond Polk's time, and the silver is a disgrace, it is so clumsy and battered, and much has to be hired from caterers on state occasions And it will be a mercy to the public when they discard that plateau of glass with high silver standards in the state dining-room, which Mrs. Blank says has ornamented almost every dinner since Jefferson imported it from France

"I'm sorry, nevertheless," said Senator P——, who clung to old customs and ancient privileges, "to see the East Room becon a dining-room and a ballroom. The White House for nearly a hundred years has done without a ballroom, and I'd just as soon that the stately East Room were not to be given over to Terpsichore. I can remember that Cleveland in his first term held a state dinner for the first time in the red corridor, the guests having outgrown the state dining room, and it was thought to be a startling innovation. And now the list of guests of this Administration has grown so tremendously that nothing remains but the East Room

"Oh, but," I interjected, "you know that in the original plans the East Room was designed for a banquet hall or for any very great function, and it has always been more or less of an elephant upon the hands of each successive mistress of the mansion. Mrs. Adams could not heat it or furnish it, so she had the Presidential wash dried there. The furniture has always been stiff and antiquated, and in some instances is so worn that the secrets of the hair stuffing are revealed. The crystal chandeliers are the only handsome things in the room that deserve to remain. Mrs. Roosevelt wants to restore the whole house, and with a parquet floor in the East Room, instead of the old yellow carpet, and with Colonial mantels new colorings, new hangings and rugs it will be far handsomer than it has ever been, and——'

And," broke in Robert, "I trust in the new order that we shall no longer have to get ourselves out of the window at the foot of the executive staircase when we leave the White House after state functions. I have a prejudice for making my exit by way of the door"

"Getting out by that window is far better," said Senator P——, chuckling, "than getting out of the house by way of the cellar door or coal-hole, which was my fate during a crush in Grant's time

"Not really?" exclaimed I

"Yes; it was a perfect mob, and a mob is proverbial for having plenty of heads but no brains. People got wedged together and never moved for hours. One little woman, in order to be saved from being crushed, climbed up on the piano in the bedroom, and it was several hours before she could get down. No one could get to the doors, so the windows were used, some jumping to the ground; others finally found the doors to the basement and escaped, without their coats or wraps, through the cellar and even the coal hole, which was my experience. Oh, we were delightfully primitive in those days!" wound up the Senator

"How awful!" said I. "But there will be some new mode of egress provided in this new order proposed. The old executive stairway, whereon you statesmen are wont to climb to the President's office, is to be abolished, they say and the Tiffany glass screen that divides the lobby from the red corridor is to be taken down. Everything upstairs and downstairs is to be done over and will be in keeping."

"I sha'n't be sorry," said Robert with relish, "not to have to climb that executive stairway in the future, but what will become of you women who climb that staircase at state functions? You have been leaving your wraps in the President's office for years, and by the way——"

Robert broke off with some sudden recollection, then said

"When we were at the last official reception at the White House this winter I was standing outside the President's office, which as usual was used as a cloakroom, and while waiting for Mrs. Slocum I noticed that everybody who came by in that corridor seemed possessed. The Marine Band was playing a two-step downstairs that was most inspiring. First I noticed Representative H—— coming along. He was wagging his head and marking time with his feet, and when he was just alongside me he went off into a regular cakewalk that was a sight to see. In a minute or two, two pretty girls emerged from the cloakroom and their ears caught the strains of that two-step, and down the corridor they went swinging and dancing to the music until they reached the head of the stairway, where that dignified old negro servant always stands guard, then they grew sedate, while he smiled indulgently. Just then one of the judges of the Court of Claims came by, and he, too, suddenly began to teeter along on his tiptoes in perfect rhythm with the band, and then finally Mrs. Slocum came out from the cloakroom and even she had an unusually accelerated step. As she took my arm she exclaimed in surprise: 'Why, Robert, what ails you?'

"And by Jove!" laughed Robert, "there was I, who had never learned to dance in all my life, taking a regular two-step along with the rest"

"Which Richter would call 'unconscious corporeal poesy,'" said the Senator

"But, seriously," said I, "there must be something in the atmosphere of this entire Administration that makes people dance in spite of themselves. Fancy the President and the Cabinet all dancing the Virginia reel, not to the strains of the Marine Band, but to the tune of a 'fiddle'!"

"I had not heard about it," said Senator P——

"Oh," said I, "it was a sort of *al fresco* performance aboard the President's yacht, the Dolphin, on the occasion of the farewell dinner given by Secretary Long. They're telling amusing yarns about it all over town. A Jack-tar aboard was found who could 'fiddle'—mind you, he was not a violinist, but only an old-time fiddler. He struck up something like 'Dan Tucker' or 'Money-Musk,' and in two minutes everybody on deck was doing the Virginia reel. It must have been a great scene. The President and Cabinet men were all as lively as boys, and when Secretary Wilson did not come up to time as quickly as the rest he was adjured to 'Get up there, you Cornstalk'

"And down in the wardroom the men took turns in trying on the President's hat, behind his back

"I hear the iniquities of the Beef Combine," I broke in, "have been brought to the notice of Mr Hanna, Mr. McMillan and Mr. Clark, of Montana, and other gentlemen of the Senate in a very forceful way; that you have been made to feel the pinch of the Beef Trust in the shape of the toothsome beef sandwich, which has advanced from ten cents to fifteen cents apiece, and that now that you have felt the pinch the country is likely to get some relief——"

"Pshaw!" said Robert. "The proprietor of the café says there's not a word of truth in it—that he's more concerned for lobster than for beef. But one of my constituents who is down here from Spruce City made one of the funniest blunders the other day, apropos of Hanna. I gave him an idea of what he ought to see in the way of sights here in Washington, and after I had taken him about in the Capitol and had introduced him to Frye and to Henderson over in the House, I turned him loose to go sightseeing. The next day he hunted me out of my Committee and, after telling me how wonderful everything was, he hummed and hawed, and said finally

"'But, see here, Senator, how about those three statues that are all bunched up together at Sixteenth and Massachusetts Avenue? I could recognize Webster and Scott, but who in thunder was the queer chap in the green clothes?'

"'Oh, the Hahnemann statue, you mean'

"'Yes, they told me it was a Hanna man, but who?'"

This tickled the Senator, and I accused Robert of having made it up, but he insisted it was bona fide

"And did you tell your unsophisticated friend," asked Senator P——, "who Hahnemann was? And that the wags about town have dubbed those three statues the three departments? Webster the Department of State, Scott the Department of War, and Hahnemann the Department of the Interior?"

"Oh, I made some feeble explanation, of course, but luckily my woolly Western friend rattled on about the impressiveness of Arlington. He did not need much enlightenment"

"I see that the President," said I, "has consented to deliver the oration at Arlington on Decoration Day. I do hope that he can lift the occasion up to something above the usual picnic into which the day seems to have fallen. Why, last year, all around the entrances to the grounds there were hastily constructed stands and booths where bits of fried

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chicken were sold by genuine 'Ole Virginny' darkies whose heads were tied up in bandanas and who kept the flies off their wares with branches stripped from the near-by bushes. Hackmen quarreling, people singing, babies crying—in short, a perfect rabble and mob turned loose over those beautiful grounds to do more desecrating than decorating."

"Poor Arlington," said Senator P—— with a touch of sadness. "In Parke Custis' day it was the show-place of these parts, and in Robert E. Lee's time it was the rallying ground for the fashion and élite of the Capital. The house was designed from drawings of the Temple of Pæstum, and it was furnished with much of the furniture from Mount Vernon. There used to be the silver plate and china that bore the names and votes of the old Confederation, and the bed that Washington used during his Presidency. There were two Van Dycks and a Sir Godfrey Kneller, and portraits by West and Stuart."

"What became of all those things?" I asked with deep interest.

"The Lees were permitted to remove them when the property was confiscated. The Government only a few years ago paid the Lee Estate a sum of money for Arlington, but, of course, nothing like its value. I have been told that before General Lee's death he came back to Arlington and went all over the place; that he stood for hours at an upper window, looking out over the endless rows of graves; then he went away as quietly as he had come and without having spoken a word to anybody. He was a gallant and a great man," said the Senator.

After a few moments Robert and the Senator got on the subject of politics and the disaffection in Republican ranks. "Oh, well," said Robert, "this revolt in the House had to come sooner or later; better now than a year hence. Did any man ever have finer Opportunity than Cushman for a speech? There is an old saw that Opportunity has hair in front but is bald behind, and Cushman certainly seized Opportunity by her front hair. The Chairman of one of the big Committees in the House said:

"'It was exactly what a good many of us should have liked to say, and it did me more good than a meal of victuals, and I don't believe it will hurt brother Cush.'"

"For my part," said I, "I never saw such performances in all my life as the House indulged in on the day of the vote. It was a regular Donnybrook Fair! Why, Mr. Clayton, and Delegate Marcus Smith, of Arizona, made up little paper balls and pelted each other back and forth until the Chair threatened to call them by name. And I saw that most wonderful quartet of gum chewers who sit all together in a bunch. Whenever the proceedings lagged a trifle those four statesmen lagged in their gum-chewing, and whenever the excitement rose to any height all four of them chewed with feverish zest. It was one of the most exhilarating things I ever witnessed in Congress. And I saw for the first time the Speaker cast his vote. It was plain from his face that he felt the force of the storm that was about to break over the House. And, of course, I saw all of you idle Senators who had come over to be in it. I saw Mr. Carmack, who was probably getting points for his attack in the Senate, and I saw the three busy M's: McComas, Mason and Martin, who they say have more visitors asking for them than all the rest of you put together, and——"

"Did you see the ex-Speaker?" queried Robert. "He was on hand, and when the rout was complete he stood up the whole Michigan delegation and said:

"'Aren't you boys ashamed of yourselves to vote against the organization of the House?'

"And you should have heard Reed guffaw when the delegation shouted back: 'No.'"

Pitless Peaches

A HORTICULTURAL achievement of the near future is likely to be the pitless peach—a novelty which is sure to be popular enough to secure for its originator a large fortune. Nor is the expectation of this desirable fruit to be regarded as remote, inasmuch as the stoneless plum is already an accomplished fact, having been recently evolved.

Though the plum-pit has been eliminated in the new variety, the kernel, oddly enough, still remains. Perhaps it may be "bred out" eventually. Meanwhile some work remains to be done in increasing the size and improving the shape and quality of the "stoneless prune" before it can be of commercial value. This, however, is a matter merely of careful selection and propagation.

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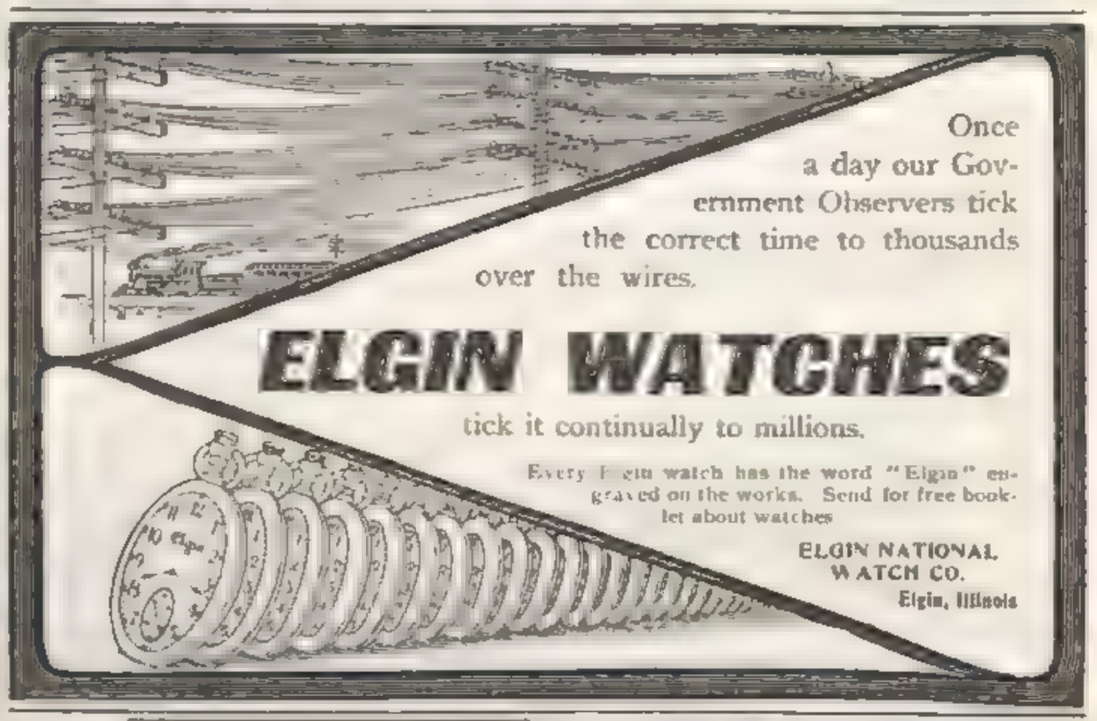

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Produces a beautiful, "Velvety" Lawn by removing cut and dead grass, leaves etc., and thickening the grass growth. Sweeps pavements also.

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If you have to say "no" we urge you to give it the conscientious test it deserves. Please ask your physician and friends who have used it. They will tell you Imperial Granum makes babies strong and healthy and keeps them so, then let the food speak for itself. Sold by druggists or a sample with book containing valuable suggestions for the care of babies especially during the hot season is FREE from

John Carle & Sons, Dept. L, 163 Water St., N. Y. City

Three pictures (size 9 x 6), amusing for the children to cut out and put together, are sent FREE to any address, for a two-cent stamp to pay postage. Subjects: "Little Red-Riding Hood," "Babes in the Wood" and "Mother Goose."

IVER JOHNSON

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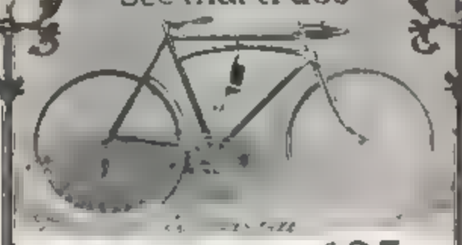
Strength Beauty
Novelty
See that truss



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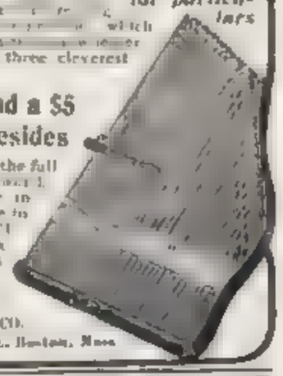
We will pay for ideas from Saturday Evening Post readers

Send to-day for particulars



$20, $10 and $5, and a $5 Columbia Zither besides

It will cost you nothing to get the full particulars of this contest. Almost every bright person will succeed in it, and you may have to try your friends' as well. Only a little thoughtful effort and you may be one of the winners.

For full particulars address

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NATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF LAW
11 Penna. St. Indianapolis, U. S. A.

The Reading Table

KISMET

By Charles Battell Loomis

TWO men lived together: one was timid, the other bold. Said the timid one "Really, life grows more and more dangerous. To-day it is an explosion, to-morrow a fire, the third day a hurricane. One dare not travel on a train for fear of collisions, nor is it safe to go afoot for fear of motor cars I am going to give up going outdoors."

But his friend said: "How differently are we constituted! You are in love with life and fear danger. Now, I do not fear peril of any kind, and as for life, it is not worth a rush to me. In fact, I made up my mind this morning that I would go over Niagara Falls in a barrel!

At this the other shuddered and said: "But you will go to certain death."

"And if I do I but follow the example of all who have preceded me since Adam. This certain death is almost as old as the hills. Farewell. I go to order my barrel."

When the venturesome one had gone the timid one prepared for his life indoors. He made fast the doors and caused sheeting of tin to be put over the windows so that no sudden explosion could break the glass and kill him in his room. This left him without light, but he did not dare use a candle or a lamp for fear an earthquake might upset it Life in the dark was not altogether a joy, but he had the company of his thoughts and they were pleasant, for he had not always been so timid. After a few hours he became accustomed to the half-light and was able to prepare his meals. Every day fruit and milk and bread were let down his chimney

Meanwhile the venturesome one ordered his barrel, and when it was made he went to Niagara and paid an idiot one dollar to roll him into the river. And after he had packed himself in he glanced at the sky and the earth and the water with a suspicion of regret, and then in a firm voice he bade the idiot put on the cover and roll him in. And the idiot did as he was asked and went into town to spend his dollar

And over the Falls of Niagara went the barrel, and a few minutes later, still intact, it floated into a cove and the venturesome one broke his way out, somewhat jarred but able to be about

The passage of the Falls had given him a certain joy in life and it was with altogether different feelings that he returned to his home. No one but the idiot knew of his deed, but he did not care for that. If he had died that would have been the end. Now that he lived he would be able to show his friend that the most dangerous place in the world was not necessarily the home of death

He was amazed to find the house tinned up and locked, and when his knocks on the front door brought no response he called to the timid one that he was no burglar but his friend, safe home from his passage of the Falls of Niagara

"Come, let me in and I shall tell you what my feelings were as I went over."

But there was no response, so at last he put his shoulder to the front door and stove it in

And he found that his timid friend had choked to death on a crust of bread.

Nature Studies

By Carolyn Wells

The Billycock

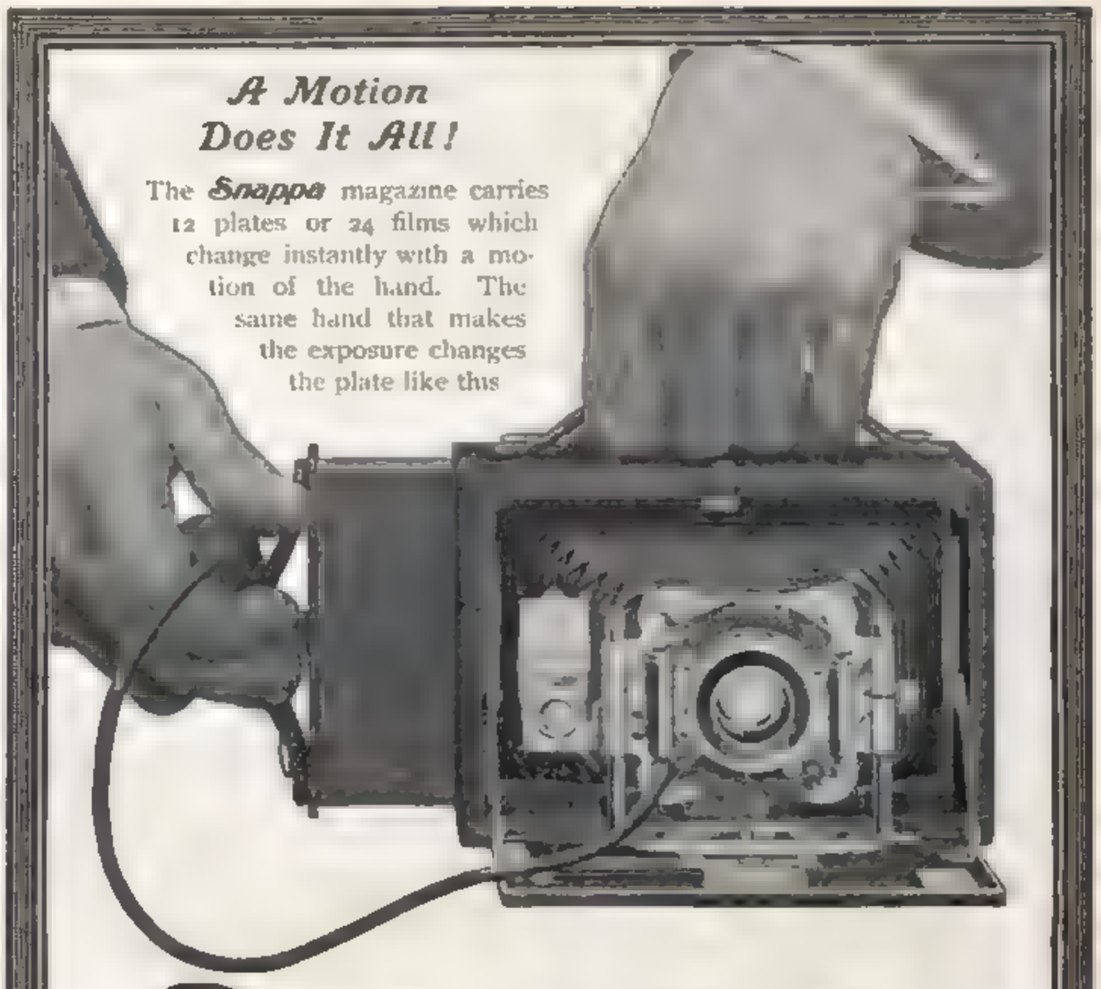
THE Billycock's a smart and handsome fowl,
Though gray and sober-colored as an owl.
It has no feathers; and it is a bird
That may be felt, though it cannot be heard.
Though found above all human imperfections,
It sometimes makes a bet upon elections.

The Cat o' Nine Tails

The Cat o' Nine Tails is not very nice,
No good at all for catching rats and mice,
She eats no fish, though living on the sea,
And no one's friend or pet she seems to be.
Yet oft she makes it lively for poor Jack,
Crawls round his legs, and jumps upon his back

A Motion Does It All!

The **Snappa** magazine carries 12 plates or 24 films which change instantly with a motion of the hand. The same hand that makes the exposure changes the plate like this



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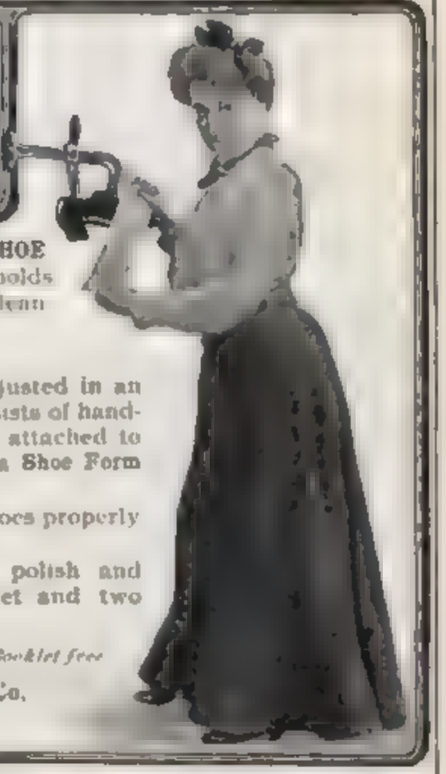

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The "Aladdin" Electric Gas Lighter

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Is safe, handy and clean. No standing on chairs or long [illegible]. Put the lighter over the gas jet, touch a button, and the gas is lighted. At [illegible] ready.

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Men & Women of the Hour

The Modest Fee of Reed

A man of national reputation had occasion some months ago to employ the services of Mr. Thomas B. Reed in a case before the United States Supreme Court. He met the ex-Speaker in New York, and after concluding the arrangements for presenting the case for the corporation which he represented, said to him:

"And now, Mr. Reed, I should like to pay you a retaining fee at once."

"Oh, never mind that now," was the reply; "wait until I think it over, and I shall write to you."

The man was in Washington when he received Mr. Reed's letter. The ex-Speaker began by saying that he was "a young fellow in the law business" and was "afraid of charging too much"—and concluded by saying that if $1000 wasn't too high he might send that amount. The rest of the letter was written in Mr. Reed's characteristic style of droll humor.

"I wouldn't have balked for a moment at paying a fee of $25,000," said the corporation man, in telling of it afterward, "but I drew a check, and wrote a letter about like this:

> Dear Mr. Reed: If the young fellows in the profession are going to be such bears in the market, how are the older ones going to make a living? I have taken the liberty of tampering with your bill by inclosing a check for $2500.

The next morning the man received the following telegram:

WASHINGTON, D. C.
You are altogether too good for this world. T. B. REED

Mr. Reed won the case for the corporation.

The Butler of Isaac Khan

General Isaac Khan, Minister Plenipotentiary from Persia to the United States, is decidedly cosmopolitan in his habits and tastes. Even among his servants at the Legation several countries are represented.

His butler is a Persian, but the assistant butler is an Irishman.

One day the Minister happened to overhear a conversation between this Irishman and a tradesman.

The Irishman was discussing the language spoken at the Legation.

"Can you understand it?" asked the tradesman.

"Not at all, at all," replied the butler's assistant, "but Oi make them think Oi do."

"Is that so?"

"It is so," he went on; "they think Oi know that Persian gibberish and that Oi've traveled in their country, but the fact is, Oi've niver been to South America in all me life."

Princeton Evolution

At a recent social gathering in Washington Dr. Henry Van Dyke, of Princeton University, told the following story:

"An old Irishman was engaged in the business of chicken-raising near Princeton. One day a traveling man expressed surprise at the use of so much cornmeal at feeding-time and suggested that the meal be mixed with sawdust, insisting that the hens would not know the difference.

"A few months later the traveling man was again in the community, and he asked if the new diet had been tried, and what the result had been.

"'It works beautifully,' was the reply. 'See that old yellow hen? Well, I tried her on half a half and she liked it so well I changed it to all sawdust, and the last time she hatched three of the chicks had wooden legs and a fourth was a woodpecker.'"

The Impartial Juryman

Mr. Thomas H. Anderson, who was recently appointed Justice of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, is keen in appreciating humor and quick in giving it recognition. Since his elevation to the bench, however, he has assumed an appropriate dignity, but a few weeks ago this dignity was severely tried by a prospective juryman.

Two days had been spent in endeavoring to impanel a jury for a murder case. The Judge, the court employees and the attorneys were getting very tired, as one man after another was examined only to be pronounced unqualified.

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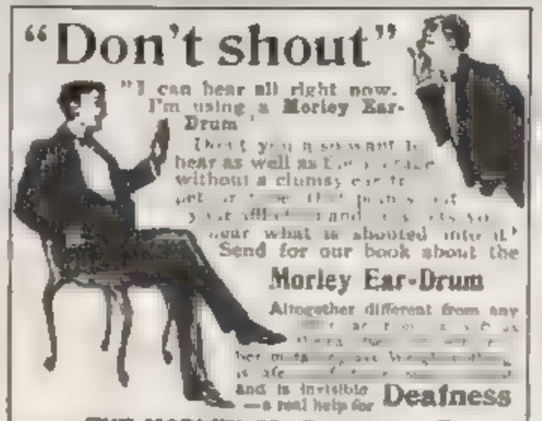

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the complexion needs attention. The Winter has left [illegible]

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It nourishes, clears, beautifies the skin and restores its freshness. Four White Price, Creme Tints 50c per box. Druggists or by mail.

Dangerous counterfeits are on the market. Beware!

Ben Levy & Co., French Perfumers, 125 Kingston St., Boston

CLASS PINS with one, two or three letters with 19[illegible], enameled in one or two colors, [illegible]

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SOLD ONLY IN A YELLOW BOX. [illegible] Bristles [illegible] cleans between the teeth. Handle and bristles [illegible] Adult's 25c. Children's 25c. By mail or at dealers'.

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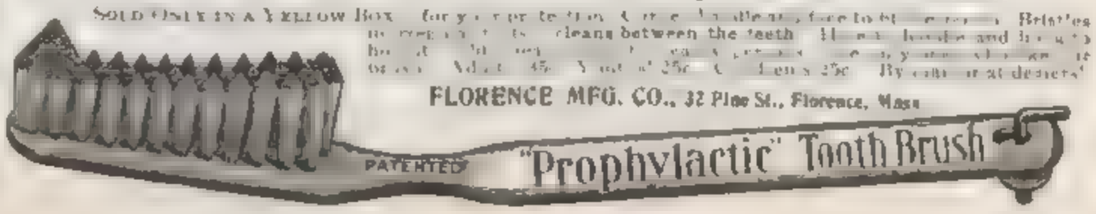

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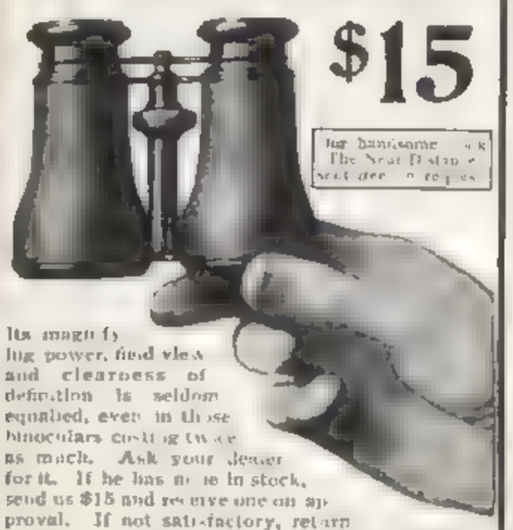

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Read Cycle Co., Dept. 54-O, Chicago, Ill.

Finally the clerk called a substantial, placid German who satisfactorily answered the preliminary questions. Conditions looked hopeful, for eleven men were already in the box. The Judge propounded the important question: "Can you give a fair, unbiased impartial verdict in this case?

The answer came as a shock to every one "No, sir; I cannot

"Why?" asked the Court

"Because I attend to my own business. I don't read the papers, and know nothing about the case

A general smile and a hum of satisfaction went around the court-room and the jury was complete

Dressing Without a Diagram

Rear-Admiral Joseph B. Coghlan, newly promoted to that grade, who was with Admiral Dewey at the battle of Manila, brought back to the United States many stories of the far East

"I heard of one incident," said he "that illustrates how alert Japan has been to take on the ways of civilization

"At an early day in the career of new Japan, some ladies of Tokyo decided to adopt Anglo-Saxon dress, and so they ordered elaborate wardrobes from Paris, sending explicit instructions that the garments should be packed in cases in the order in which they were to be worn

"These orders were carefully carried out, lingerie going into the boxes first, and so on to the ultimate outer flounces and furbelows

"But by some mischance," Admiral Coghlan added, "the cases were labeled wrong side up, and the guileless Japanese ladies proceeded in due time to array themselves in reverse order, with what results may be discreetly left to the imagination."

Two Words for Kittredge

United States Senator Kittredge, of South Dakota, takes pride in his ability to resist the wiles of newspaper reporters. Long ago Senator Hanna remarked this trait of the taciturn Dakota statesman and frequently took delight in sending newspaper men to interview him

On one of these occasions a metropolitan reporter, after plying Senator Kittredge with questions to which he received only crisp answers of "Yes" or "No," finally asked

"What's the largest city in South Dakota?"

"Sioux Falls," came the unexpected reply

At once the reporter walked to Senator Hanna, who was sitting near by, and remarked:

"I've got a good beat on all the other boys"

"How's that?" inquired Mr Hanna, in undisguised surprise

"Why," answered the reporter, "after working for half an hour trying to teach that South Dakota mummy to talk I've actually added the words 'Sioux Falls' to his vocabulary"

Why the President Laughed

Doctor Patton, the President of Princeton, is tall, stately, pale and solemn. He is also one of the most effective orators in the land and never fails to carry his audience by his intense earnestness. At the recent installation of Doctor Butler as President of Columbia University his speech was the most brilliant of the occasion. President Roosevelt led the applause which greeted his utterances; but there came near being a breakdown in the middle of the address Doctor Patton was arguing that the university should prepare the young man for the real world, "the stren——" and there he balked, as though he had forgotten the word. The great audience began to laugh. President Roosevelt gritted his teeth firmly and held his serious expression. Doctor Patton seemed to be looking for something he had lost, but in a moment he held his head in triumph, for he had found it

"The strenuous life!" he exclaimed with explosive solemnity

It was too much for the audience. Men and women laughed uproariously, and the President could hold in no longer. His lips parted and the famous grin showing his very white teeth renewed the merriment. But President Patton did not smile. He waited for the breeze to blow over. Then he went on and did not lose another word

It was interesting to notice that in that large and brilliant gathering of scholars every speaker but two used the Roosevelt word "strenuous"

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Refrigeration Engineer	Municipal Engineer	Bookkeeper
Traction Engineer	Bridge Engineer	Stenographer
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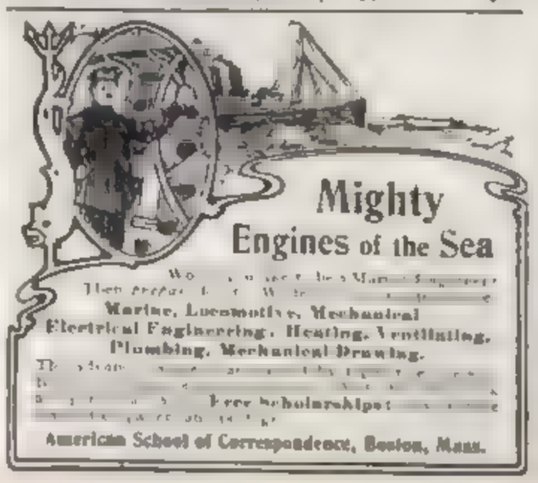

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The Florsheim Shoe is made over an elaborate system of anatomical foot-fitting lasts, designed to fit every shape of foot

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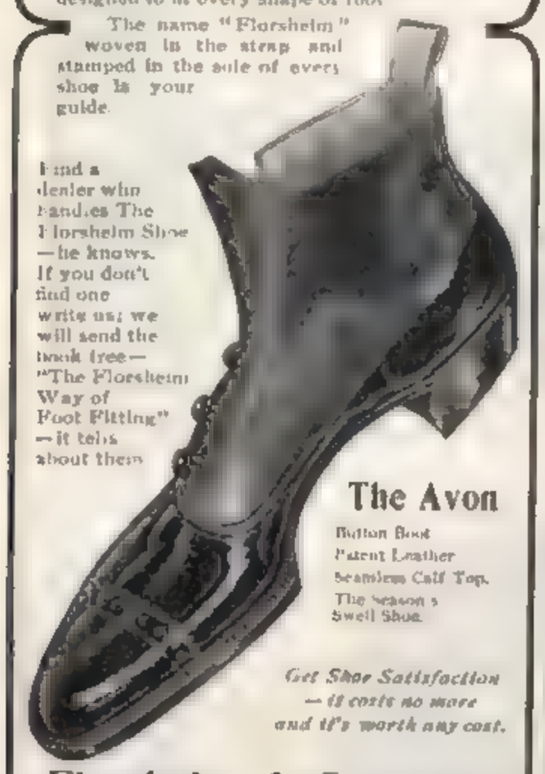

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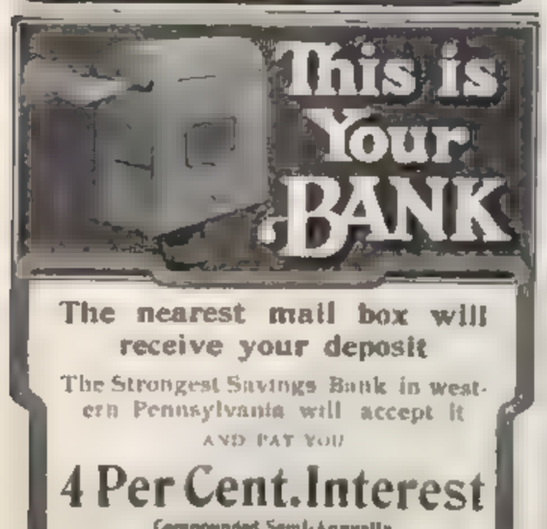

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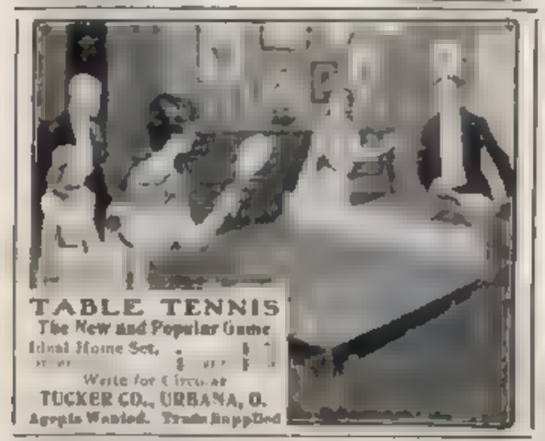

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Literary Folk
Their Ways & Their Work

Dorothy Vernon

Mr. Charles Major writes an historical novel on an original and somewhat daring plan (Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall; *The Macmillan Company*). He takes a "real" character—in the present instance the heiress of Haddon Hall, who in 1560 eloped with Sir John Manners—and tells her story in a straightforward fashion, with a few frills to fill up the outlines, but without the smallest effort to reproduce the language, sentiment or atmosphere of Queen Elizabeth's day. He thus saves himself a world of trouble, and gets well beyond the reach of critics, who are forever pointing out the inaccuracies of more painstaking authors. The jargon of the average historical novel does not really belong to any age or land. Mr. Major eschews it altogether. A modest oath or two is his utmost limit of achievement. When Sir John first sees Dorothy Vernon he remarks to her cousin Malcolm: "How fortunate I am. Perhaps I may induce you to present me to her. At least you will tell me her name, that I may seek her acquaintance by the usual means." This is the language of a young gentleman from Milwaukee meeting a pretty girl at Atlantic City.

Sometimes Mr. Major's colloquialisms resemble those of our morning paper. "She understands me fully," says Sir George Vernon, speaking of his daughter; "and although at first she was a little inclined to fight, she soon—she soon—well, she knuckled under gracefully when she found she must."

Even the witticisms of the book have a journalistic flavor, as in this sage reflection on "Cousin" Malcolm's part:

"The adjective perverse, by the way, usually is superfluous when used to modify the noun girl."

It certainly describes Dorothy Vernon, whose perverseness is of a robust and somewhat violent order. She has a drunken, tyrannous father of the Squire Western type, but without any of the unconscious humor which hallows the memory of that old despot; and like Sophia Western—whom otherwise she does *not* resemble—she will marry the man of her choice and no other

Sir John is, we are assured, very handsome and very much in love. He woos his vixenish sweetheart with sledge-hammer directness, carrying her off forcibly in the end, with his hand over her mouth to stifle her screams—a method to be commended for its simplicity.

Mary Stuart is boldly introduced into the last chapters of the book; but it is not the Mary Stuart of history,

"Mary, the Queen!"

but a wanton barmaid, lavish alike of kisses and reproaches. We have Elizabeth, too, or rather a pale shade of Elizabeth, foolish and gullible, who asks Dorothy to have "a little chat" and falls an easy victim to the girl's flattering wiles.

For an historic novel which is far removed from history, Dorothy Vernon may be recommended to the throngs of eager readers who await it. —*Agnes Repplier.*

The Beau's Comedy *(Harper & Brothers)* is one of the early spring butterflies of Colonial fiction. Landry Walford, a young Englishman of quality who has been visiting an uncle in Canada, for some unexplained reason travels down the Connecticut Valley with an Indian war-party. The Colonists at Deerfield mistake him for a French spy; but instead of hanging him out of hand they considerately allow him to send to England for a kinsman who can identify him. The young man makes the most of his captivity by falling in love: and in the last chapter he dazzles fashionable London with a Colonial bride. Beulah Marie Dix and Carrie A. Harper are the authors.

Twenty-Six and One *(J. F. Taylor & Co.)* is a tale of twenty-six men and boys who lead a dog's life in a musty, underground bakery. Tanya, the pink-faced chambermaid who comes each morning for fresh biscuit, is the "One." This is the title story in a new volume containing three of Maxim Gorky's strongest tales. All three—Tcheikache and Malva are the others—show masterly handling; but their sombre dreariness will be apt to repel the general reader.

The Game of Love *(Charles Scribner's Sons)* is a light and jolly story of London life from the busy pen of young

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A Complete Preparatory School on Board a Fine Ship, with 250 Cadet Pupils Studying and Preparing for American Colleges, Afloat on the Blue Ocean and Visiting Every Clime.

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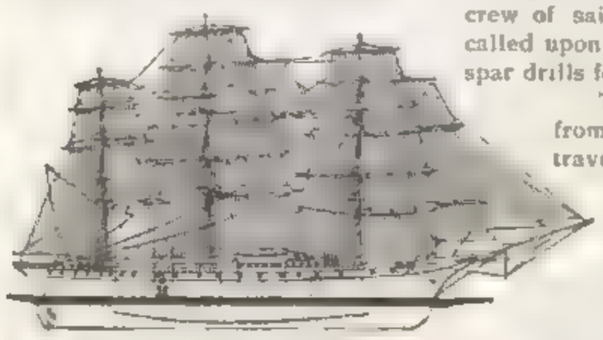

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in THE TRAVELERS, of Hartford, the oldest, largest and strongest Accident Insurance Company in the world. These policies guarantee a weekly income while disabled and large amounts for loss of legs, arms, feet, hands or eyes. If death ensues a stated sum is paid. $27,000,000 have been distributed among 370,000 Policy-Holders or their families for injuries or death.

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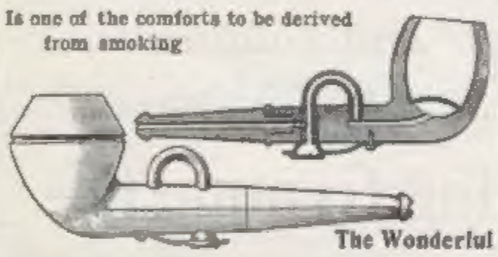
Is one of the comforts to be derived from smoking



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No heartburn or tobacco-heart ever follows its use.

Blowing through the stem cleans the reservoir. It can be done while smoking.

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Mr. Benjamin Swift. The book is not ill-titled, for the author has managed, with considerable dexterity, to keep five love affairs going at the same time. His hero is a happy-go-lucky scapegrace who wins alike the sympathies of the reader and the heart of the girl of his choice.

Dorothy South *(Lothrop Publishing Company)* is the sprightly heroine of Mr. George Cary Eggleston's latest story of the Southland. The central figure in the tale is Doctor Brent, a young Northerner who comes to Virginia to take possession of an old estate left him by his uncle. Dorothy, a girl of sixteen with a curious family history, is of the plantation household. The Doctor thinks it his duty to give her education his personal attention; and so assiduous are his efforts that, before the story closes, Dorothy has become Mrs. Brent.

Seldom has a writer begun his literary career under a stranger stimulus than that which prompted Mr. William Stearns Davis to get his first novel into a publisher's hands. Mr. Davis is the author of Belshazzar, which is to be published within a few weeks. Last year appeared God Wills It, a story of the First Crusade, and in 1900 appeared the first novel, A Friend of Cæsar.

Mr. Davis, who is a native of Massachusetts, was then only twenty-three years of age, and was barely out of Harvard, where he had been winning scholarships galore. As a literary exercise at the university for an occasion when a lengthy paper was required he offered his professor a first draft of A Friend of Cæsar, but was sternly told "not to hand in a dime novel."

Piqued and chagrined, as he tells the story, and determined to show that the professor had made a mistake, Mr. Davis rewrote and expanded the story, hurried it into the publisher's hands, and within a few months had the satisfaction of seeing it appear in book form.

He says that he and the professor thereupon promptly buried the hatchet and are now very good friends.

Mr. Davis is descended on both sides from Puritan and Pilgrim stock, and traces directly back to John Alden and Priscilla. He thinks he inherited his love of ancient history from William A. Stearns, late President of Amherst College, and his fondness for scenes of fighting from an ancestor, a certain John Davis, who in the seventeenth century was a sea-rover and semi-pirate, after the fashion of many a brave English captain of those days.

The rover, by the way, finally died quietly at Watertown, Massachusetts, after having been for years a peaceable, law-abiding, church-going citizen.

Mr. Harrison Robertson, who has followed up his previous successes with his new Kentucky novel, The Opponents, is described by his friends as being a man of fascinating personality, and also as being—what so few good writers are—an extremely good talker. He is not far from forty years of age, and is a native of Virginia. He married a Kentucky girl, and his home is at Louisville. He is second only to Colonel Henry Watterson in editorial control of the Louisville Courier-Journal. As a matter of fact, more editorials from his pen appear in that newspaper than from the pen of the editor-in-chief himself, but Mr. Robertson's friends give prompt and smiling disclaimers when such editorials as that of "The Man on Horseback" are referred to. Mr. Robertson first began to be heard of through stories in Scribner's Magazine five or six years ago. Last year he attained the height of possible fame, in the eyes of many a Blue Grass horse lover, by having a Kentucky race-horse named after his novel, The Inlander.

An anonymous volume without even a nom de plume on the title page, has just been published by the Harpers, and is entitled An Onlooker's Note-Book. It is by the author of Collections and Recollections, which appeared anonymously some four years ago, and which will be remembered as a charming and witty book of reminiscence, gossip and comment. The internal evidence in both books shows clearly that the author is one who is thoroughly familiar with English high life and famous people. As a matter of fact he is Mr. George William Erskine Russell, LL. D. Doctor Russell is about fifty years old, and is the youngest son of Lord Charles Russell, M. P. He is an Oxford man, has held various governmental positions in England, and belongs to two or three London clubs.

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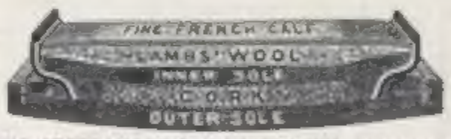

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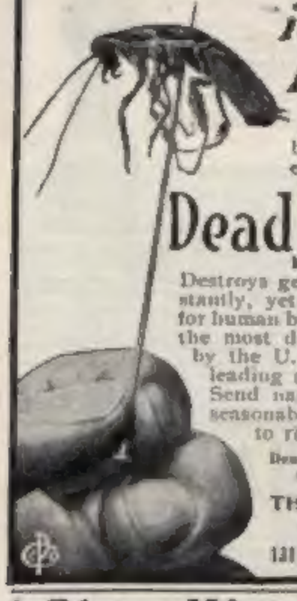

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Oddities and Novelties of Every-Day Science

The Respectable Pig

The American hog may yet become a model of neatness and cleanliness. It is simply a matter of giving the animal a chance to live in a decent and sanitary manner, inasmuch as its natural inclination is not toward filth. On the contrary, the pig in its wild state is decidedly a clean beast.

The Government Bureau of Animal Industry is of the opinion that the whole system of keeping pigs could be reformed to advantage. Instead of being confined in pens, they ought to be allowed to range, whenever a sufficient area is available for the purpose, and they should have plenty of fresh, pure water for drinking and bathing. Hogs suffer greatly from heat, and when there is no water at hand they resort to wallowing as a means of cooling themselves.

Not long ago Professor John A. Craig established on the grounds of the Iowa Agricultural College what he called a "summer resort for swine." There was a double row of trees, with a ditch between, and a stream of fresh water from the college main was allowed to flow through the ditch. A number of pigs were turned loose on the premises, and greatly did they enjoy themselves, getting fat the while. They had the run of forty acres of pasture, with suitable houses for their protection when it stormed.

The ordinary method of keeping pigs is extremely cruel. No other animal could survive under such conditions, but they manage to do so, and hence it is taken for granted that they are reasonably satisfied and enjoy their wretched surroundings. The shed provided for a shelter in one corner of the pen is usually not rain-proof, and thus things are made additionally unpleasant for the unfortunate creatures. To add insult to injury, people look over the edge of the sty and exclaim with disgust that the hog is well named.

There is no reason why pigs should not have free range even in winter, with roomy sleeping-pens and clean bedding. If the sleeping-sheds were at one end of the pasture and the animals were fed at the other end, they would go to and fro of their own accord, getting useful exercise, and living in a cleanly fashion. Of pure water they ought to have plenty, instead of the more or less putrid stuff which they are usually expected to drink.

The finest hams in the world come from a district in Virginia, not far from Norfolk, and the hogs that furnish them run almost wild in the woods, living on nuts and roots in the summer. In the autumn they are shut up in pens for a while, and are fed on corn, supplied with pure water, and provided with pine straw for bedding. They are kept clean and dry; and, when the hour for the sacrifice arrives, they yield hams which bring in the market fifty per cent. more than the every-day "swill-fed" hams put up by Western packers.

Photographs on Fabrics

Photographs on various kinds of fabrics, such as linen and silk, are becoming notably popular, and some of them are decidedly decorative, being used for pillow-covers, handkerchiefs, and numerous other articles of domestic or personal usefulness.

The latest patent in this line has been granted for a process which involves the use of a certain kind of seaweed, an extract of which is made by saturating the plant in water. Citric acid and ammonium chloride are added to this aqueous extract, and the fabric designed for photographic printing is saturated with the stuff. The article—suppose that it is a handkerchief, for example—is then dried, after which it is soaked in a solution of nitrate of silver and again dried.

The handkerchief, or other article, presents a surface that is sensitive to light. All that is necessary is to place it beneath a negative in a printing-frame, just as if it were a piece of printing-out paper, and in a few minutes you have your picture. Of course, the fabric has to go through the customary toning and fixing baths, with incidental washings in water, after which the picture is finished and permanent.

Provided with the simple and inexpensive solutions required for the purpose, anybody ought to be able to prepare sensitized linen or silk for himself, the operations being necessarily performed in the dark room.

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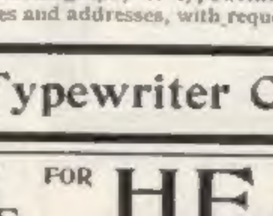

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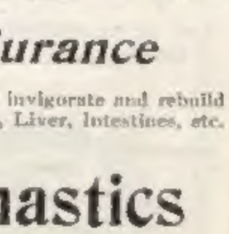

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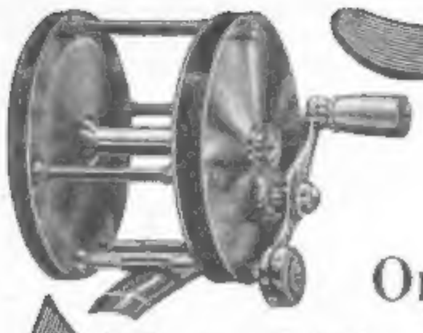

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